

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

OCTOBER 10, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE KENNEDY STRATEGY



CAMPAIGN MANAGER
BOBBY KENNEDY



THIS ALL-NEW TIRE IS SO DIFFERENT YOU'LL NOTICE THESE IMPORTANT CHANGES AS YOU DRIVE!

Here are four new and exclusive features to look for in Firestone's new DeLuxe Champion, again first choice on the new 1961 cars...or for your present car.

1 LOOK FOR THIS DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU START AND STOP. The new Firestone DeLuxe Champion All-Action tread puts 83% more traction edges on the road. It gives you quick starting power and brings you to safe, silent stops in much less distance than you've ever needed before. That's because Firestone's revolutionary method of molding the All-Action tread in one piece eliminates the center seam or groove you find in conventional tires. This is replaced by a road-gripping pattern in the center of the tread, right where you need it most.

2 LOOK FOR THIS DIFFERENCE IN YOUR STEERING. The Firestone DeLuxe Champion is made a new way and performs a new way. With its new All-Action tread, you can see the difference,

and you can feel the difference as you turn the wheel. It holds you safely and firmly on curves and turns. And you hold your course with less steering effort than ever before.

3 LOOK FOR THIS DIFFERENCE IN YOUR RIDING. New Firestone DeLuxe Champions cushion the ride by absorbing road shocks you've always considered normal. Its new kind of rubber quiets your ride and hushes tire squeal on turns.

4 LOOK FOR MILEAGE INCREASES UP TO 35%. The combination of the new All-Action tread and exclusive Firestone Rubber-X-101, the longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires, sets new records for longer, safer mileage on any make of car, on any kind of road.

Get Firestone DeLuxe Champions on your new 1961 car . . . or buy them for your present car, on convenient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

THE NEW DELUXE CHAMPION BY

Firestone

SPEEDWAY-PROVED FOR YOUR TURNPIKE SAFETY

Copyright 1960, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

Hoover's new invention washes floors and vacuums up the scrub water

*Now you can get rid of mops, buckets,
brushes, sponges—and hard work!*

With one hand and one appliance, you wash the floor, scrub away the dirt and vacuum up the scrub water. It is actually that simple.

With the new Hoover Electric Floor Washer, your hands never touch water. Your knees never touch the floor. And the Hoover Floor Washer keeps the clean water separate from the dirty . . . for the cleanest floors you've ever had.

See a demonstration at your Hoover dealer's. Easy budget terms available.



HANDY CONTROLS

Finger-tip trigger controls amount of water you want on the floor. To vacuum dry, push button under your thumb.



EASY TO FILL AND EMPTY

One flick of your finger and tank slides out. Goes right to sink. Holds enough water to wash two average rooms.



HIGHLY MANEUVERABLE

Nozzle swivels to wash into corners and hard-to-get-at areas. Easy to guide because the weight rests on wheels.



HOOVER ELECTRIC FLOOR WASHER

By the makers of Hoover Vacuum Cleaners



VACUUMS
UP
ITS OWN
SCRUB
WATER



Starting right now, you can make sure he'll be in this line

To make sure your child has the money to go to college, insure the way with permanent life insurance which has ever increasing values. Remember this about life insurance: as soon as the policy is in force, funds for his education can be assured. Whether or not you're living when he reaches college, the money will be there just the same.

With permanent Life insurance you may be sure of something else as well. Your Metropolitan Man will show you that such insurance gives you a cushion, not only for education, if needed, but also for your retirement—and almost any emergency.

Starting right away, you and your family can be sure your plans for the future will be realized. And today, your insurance program can be tailor-made to the specific requirements of your individual family,

taking into consideration *all* your foreseeable financial needs. Call your Metropolitan Man and see.

He has now the largest selection of insurance policies, with the newest and most flexible provisions and benefits in all of Metropolitan's history. As never before, he can protect you now and for the future—with certainty—and at a cost that may well be less than you would expect.

Call him today.

Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY®

A MUTUAL COMPANY
1 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 10, N.Y.



NEW EXTRA-LONG PROTECTION FOR
YOUR CAR'S COOLING SYSTEM!

"PRESTONE" LONG LIFE COOLANT

NEW ECONOMY ANTI-FREEZE AND ANTI-RUST

...from the makers of today's best-seller: "PRESTONE" BRAND ANTI-FREEZE!

The best yet—the best you can get! New "PRESTONE" Long Life Coolant is a premium priced product* designed for motorists who want long-run economy.

According to tests in the world's leading cooling system laboratories, "PRESTONE" Long Life Coolant will protect against freeze-ups and rust as long as—or longer than any anti-freeze or coolant on the market.

It carries the famous "PRESTONE" guarantee for a full winter's use, but it can give extra-long protection beyond the guarantee period for the cooling system that is regularly inspected and carefully maintained.



*PRICE: \$5.00 a gallon.

"PRESTONE" brand Long Life Coolant is sold undiluted and may be mixed with any tap water. Its base is ethylene glycol, long recognized as the world's most effective base for an anti-freeze. The new product also contains Magnetic Film plus a fortified "reserve" inhibitor formula for extra-long protection. It gives superior rust and corrosion protection to all metals, including the latest aluminum alloys.

Today, ask your dealer about "PRESTONE" Long Life Coolant, a companion product to famous "PRESTONE" Anti-Freeze, the world's most tested, most trusted anti-freeze.

LET'S TAKE THE "MYSTERY" OUT OF ANTI-FREEZE

There has been no "breakthrough" . . . no earth shaking discoveries in the field of anti-freeze protection. All of the "new" products — whether called a "fluid" or a "coolant" or "anti-freeze" — are ethylene glycol plus rust inhibitors. (All except one,

that is, and that one is a packaged solution of glycol and inhibitor plus water.) Ethylene glycol was introduced to the anti-freeze market 33 years ago when "Prestone" Anti-Freeze was first marketed. And ethylene glycol is still the best anti-freeze base.

"Prestone" and "Union Carbide" are registered trade-marks for products of
UNION CARBIDE CONSUMER PRODUCTS COMPANY • Division of Union Carbide Corporation • 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.



Now...coffee-breaks just 2 steps away!



Oasis Hot 'n Cold... America's most efficient coffee-break!

Office Furniture by Lehigh, New York

Here's the newest, quickest answer to delicious coffee-breaks and it's just two steps away with the Oasis Hot 'n Cold water cooler. Just pour instant coffee into cup, add piping hot water and stir. Coffee's always ready any time of day. No more hot plates. No more going out. Employees love it!

Complete Beverage Center. Just as quick as coffee you can have hot chocolate, soups, or instant soft drinks. Refrigerated compartment keeps ice cubes and chilled beverages at your fingertips. And you can't

beat Oasis for thirst-quenching, bubbler-cold water.

Free Instant Beverages. Order an Oasis Hot 'n Cold between September 1 and November 30, 1960 and you get without charge 100 instant beverages including coffee, with Pream and sugar, chocolate, soups . . . and in addition, 100 cups and 100 spoons.

Cut Coffee-Break Time 50%. Learn How From Free Booklet. Mail Coupon Today.

OASIS
HOT 'N COLD
WATER COOLERS



and standard coolers in pressure and bottle models

Sold everywhere . . . rented in many areas.

Distributed in Canada by G. H. Wood & Company, Ltd.

THE EBCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. 5-R, Columbus 13, Ohio

Rush me FREE 100-Beverage Certificate and FREE booklet telling how to cut coffee-break time 50%.

name. _____

company. _____

street. _____

city. _____ zone. _____ state. _____

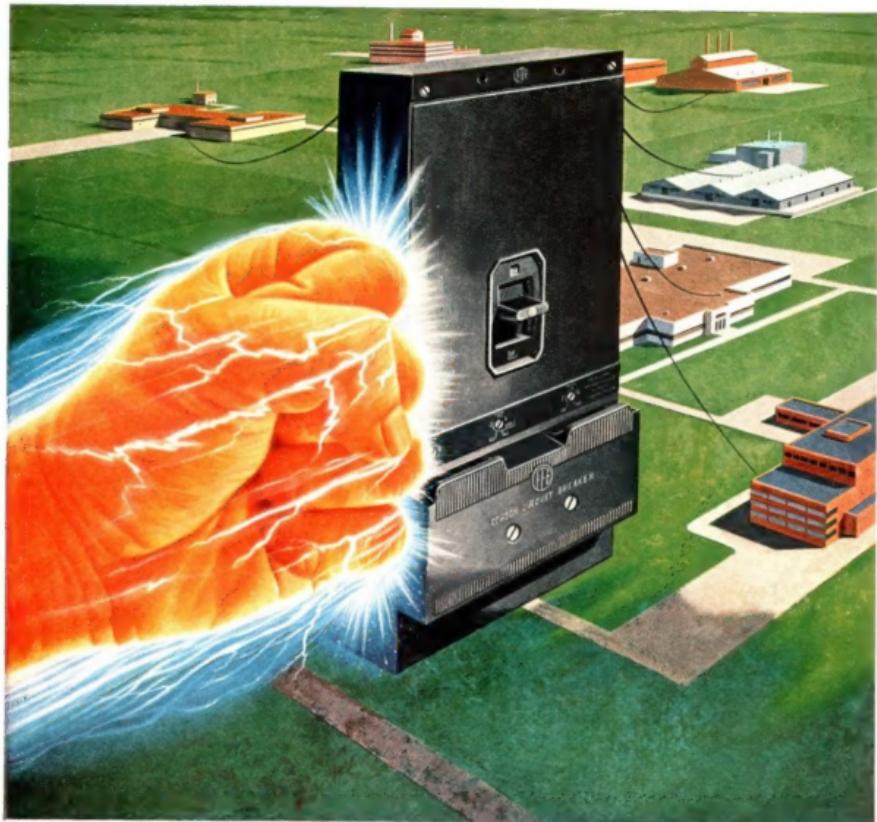


Scott knows

Scott, a man of extraordinary talents, guides his fast-growing company in technological research. His knowledge of every aspect of the business puts him equally at ease with Pentagon military experts as with academic scientists. He is acutely aware of what's predictable and what's conjecture. The choice of pure wool in his coat is characteristic of his point of view. He likes the stability of wool. Wool, complex but thoroughly predictable. Thoroughly satisfying. Since his undergraduate days, he

considers wool a mark of good breeding, instinctively right at any given moment. His wool coat, warm, weightless, unphased by the climatic ups and downs of his compelling life. Magnificently self-sufficient. Finds wool true to his standards, growing increasingly handsome with time. Scott knows from long experience that nothing measures up to wool.

Wool tweed topcoat, Kynoch by Goodstein Brothers, with a wool lining, about \$75.00. For any further information write Scott, The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



A smooth path for normal electric currents, the I-T-E Cordon circuit breaker becomes an impassable barrier to heavy, smashing slugs of power. Here, artist Ned Seidler paints the Cordon in its vital protective role.

TAMES THE TERRIBLE POWER OF ELECTRICITY

Behind nearly every electric circuit in factory, school and store lurks considerably more power than is used. Big power demands a circuit breaker with big protection built into it. Otherwise a simple short circuit could cause spectacular fireworks and damage. Against this risk, I-T-E developed its "Cordon" circuit breaker . . . capable of interrupting up to 100,000 amperes in only 1/240 second. If accidental short circuit opens the gates to a damaging flood of electric current, the "Cordon" quickly shuts them . . . faster than an eye can blink. Yet the "Cordon" fits into only half the space required by traditional devices. And it costs a third less. This new and advanced solution to an

important electrical problem is typical of the electrical progress that comes continually from I-T-E. In countless other ways, the products of I-T-E help make your electricity more useful, more dependable and more efficient.

Divisions: • Switchgear • Small Air Circuit Breaker • Transformer & Rectifier • Special Products • Greensburg • BullDog Electric Products • Victor Insulators • Kelman Power Circuit Breaker.

Subsidiaries: The Chase-Shawmut Co. • Walker Electrical Co. • Wilson Electrical Equipment Co. • In Canada: BullDog Electric Products Co. Ltd. • Eastern Power Devices Ltd. • Canadian Porcelain Co. Ltd. • Headquarters: Philadelphia, Pa.

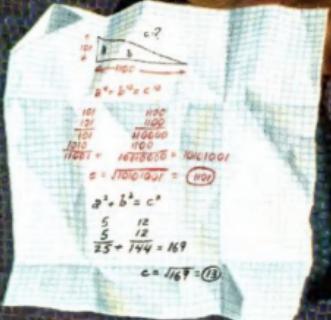


I-T-E CIRCUIT BREAKER COMPANY

Management's new language of measurement and control

5

presented by



Paul Galt

Through this adaptation of Michelangelo's *Awakening of Adam*, artist Paul Colle symbolizes the binary-digital character of human perception and mind processes. Here is the beginning of a flood of digital impulses—to convey man's earliest experiences, to shape his most mature thoughts.

THE BINARY DIGIT

● *An indivisible particle of information; a kind of basic element into which any sort of message can be resolved.*

● *The foundation of advanced computer and communication 'language'—with striking parallels in nature*

The most spectacular aspect of the modern **DIGITAL COMPUTER** is the *variety* of seemingly unrelated tasks it can perform. A single system can be "instructed" or **PROGRAMMED** to design a machine . . . run a business . . . control inventories . . . play chess . . . compose music. The reason for this versatility: the treatment of all these problems with the same mathematical vocabulary—the language of the **BINARY DIGIT**.

The binary digit, or "bit" for short, is a means for labelling *discrete particles* of **INFORMATION**. It represents the difference between any two contrasting symbols—such as "yes" and "no" . . . or "0" and "1".



Using such a pair of symbols, it's possible to **ENCODE** any message—a printed page, a symphony, a picture—with any desired degree of detail.

Consider a high-contrast photograph. It starts as a film of sensitive grains. Each grain, if exposed to sufficient light, will be chemically altered. Otherwise, it remains unchanged. The photographic image, thus, is a **code** consisting only of changed and unchanged grains in meaningful locations.

When a printed page or a sound track is reproduced photographically, it, too, is reduced to a binary code. The photo is indeed a universal vehicle for information—though an inefficient one in these instances. Language, for example, can be coded with much greater **ECONOMY**. Braille uses six "bits" per letter instead of the dozens of grains needed for the rudest photo image. Yet even Braille is wasteful. A few well-disci-

plined 'bits' can convey a surprising quantity of information.



Visual recognition code (35 bits per letter)
Braille (6 bits per letter)

Compressed core information. Theory suggests that the information content of standard English is only a little more than one bit per letter

The binary digit is named for a **system of NUMBERS** using only two symbols: "0" and "1". Any number system is based on an *arbitrary* set of symbols, including the familiar **DECIMAL SYSTEM**. The fact is: anything that can be expressed with ten symbols can as easily be expressed with two—or twenty. Mathematical operations are performed in almost exactly the same way . . . like the identical computations on the opposite page.

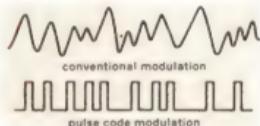
What the **BINARY SYSTEM** loses in brevity is compensated by *ease of handling*. The modern digital computer works with "bits" because simple, tiny electronic components can transmit, recognize and store them. A circuit is either open (0) or closed (1). The mechanism has only to

sense this difference. With any other system, it would have to discriminate much more precisely.

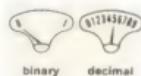
Reliability is high...speed of processing is fantastic...and most important: **any kind of information or instruction can be translated into 0's and 1's and submitted to the computer.**

In communications, too, the coding of messages into 'bits' is becoming in-

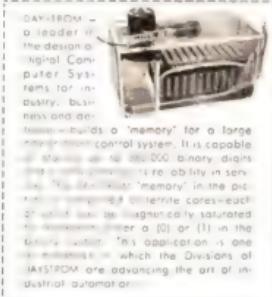
creasingly important. Conventional transmissions require constant measurement of varying signals. Coded transmissions—consisting, for example, only of impulses and silences—are much more resistant to "noise" . . . can usually be accommodated by narrower channels.



Nature herself is a skilled user of the binary digit. We now believe that all of man's experience, memory and thought are based on this humble particle. Every perception is a pattern of impulses—unique only in that certain nerve fibers "fire" while others don't. There seem to be no intermediate states of activity. We have in our own nervous systems, apparently, a highly sophisticated model of a true digital computer.



binary decimal



Headquarters: Murray Hill, New Jersey

Now is the time calmness can build immeasurable strength!"

*A message to Americans
anxious about their families*

by **WALTER L. JACOBS,**
President,
The Hertz Corporation

"IN THESE DAYS when we are often beset with tensions of many kinds, it seems to me we should concentrate more than ever on the things which help build up our strength as individuals.

"One of the most fundamental of these, to my way of thinking, is life insurance. Here is a form of individual planning by which a man can, insofar as it is humanly possible, exercise control over his own future and that of those he loves.

"Actually, the *whole purpose* of life insurance is to replace insecurity with security.

"You use insurance funds for your family's continuous protection, for your children's education, for investment opportunities, inheritance taxes, loan collateral . . . or for your retirement.

"Of course, when you invest in life insurance you also invest in our country, for your money is put to work nourishing the very roots of our economy.

"So I suggest you give your future no frenzied look. See how, through life insurance, you can give it the strength that calmness builds."



A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL

POLICYOWNER. Mr. Jacobs owns seven Northwestern Mutual policies. He bought his first one when he was 22 years old.

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"BECAUSE THERE IS A DIFFERENCE"

LETTERS

The Visitor

Sir:

Khrushchev's presence on Manhattan island is the surest possible insurance against hydrogen bomb attack on the city while he's here. The longer he stays the better, as far as I'm concerned

DAPHNE HARE

New York City

Sir:

Here comes Khrushchev again with his henchmen to throw out insults that we will take, as usual.

Will the day come when the U.S. stops coddling this boor and tells him where to head in?

F. K. GOOCHEER

Maplewood, Mo.

Sir:

New York refurbished a special pier for Khrushchev—but still I suppose this can't be called giving him the quay to the city.

GWYNETH EVANS

New York City

Religion Issue

Sir:

Since with a truly religious person all of life is colored by his philosophy, it is indeed a fair issue in the election of any man. It is John Kennedy's personal tragedy that his religion is a schizoid one, being also a political system. The fear—often amounting to dread—or Catholicism that we Protestants feel has nothing to do with the purely religious aspects of the faith. It is Catholicism as a political system that afflicts us. John Kennedy's stout denial that it could happen to him causes us to suspect that he does not know his own church very well—or that he wants the presidency so desperately that he will say anything to get it. Either way, it is a bad risk, and it is my duty to warn my people—which I have done.

Doubtless the anti-bigot bigots will tar me for this. But I will plead only what the papacy has always claimed for itself: that "the Pope is two words." The religious sword we fear not at all. It is that political sword that shakes us.

(THE REV.) C. R. STEGALL JR.
Shalimar Presbyterian Church
Shalimar, Fla.

Sir:

The only purpose of the minuscule state of the Vatican is to remove the head of the Catholic Church from all undue political and secular influence.

Catholics owe no political allegiance whatsoever to Vatican State, but they owe religious allegiance to the Holy See, the Bishopric of Rome, occupied by the successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ, the Holy Father.

H. F. TIBLIER, S.J.
Jesuit High School
El Paso

Sir:

I have a good hunch that a lot of the people who are "beckling" Jack Kennedy about his church never take time to darken the doors of their own.

At least Mr. Kennedy supports the church of his choice by attending it.

RUSSELL T. DANIELS

Tulsa, Okla.

Sir:

I feel that to attack Mr. Kennedy on the religion issue is unworthy.

I find that there are so many objections to him morally, ethically and democratically that to take exception to him on the question of religion is unnecessary.

THEODORA W. NICHOLS
Hollywood

Sir:

Congratulations to TIME for reporting the sounding brass festival at the Mayflower Hotel without throwing up. It is a sorry and desperate cause that will drive a Baptist like Poling into the same bed with the kindly apostle of Confident Living. One might have guessed that the faith of neither would stand in the way of their common Republicanism.

THOMAS W. FERRELL
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

May I suggest that Norman Vincent Peale take a trip to Texas and have himself totally immersed by his Baptist brethren—say for ten minutes or so?

J. MACRAE

Potsdam, N.Y.

The Candidates

Sir:

With Sputniks, Luniks, beatniks, surely the G.O.P. will start plugging their hopeful as Dicknik.

DAVID MCLENNAN
Schagen, South Africa

Sir:

We know he's not another Ike
Because he's very hard to like,
But even if he makes you sick,
He's all we've got, so vote for Dick.

WILLIAM PINCH

Clayton, Mo.

Wave of the Future

Sir:

Thank you for your fascinating cover article on the new products being invented by big-business-backed scientific research. It took the layman on a brief but enlightening tour behind the Iron Curtain of ignorance which separates him from the "other world" of applied science.

NANCY LUGSDIN

Almonte, Ont.

Sir:

After reading your cover story on new products, I wonder: Is Winslow Homer's Main hideaway for rent?

HARRY J. WELLS

Bellerose, N.Y.

Sir:

Egad! What a cover! Perchance—did Art-ist Artyzbashoff dine on slings and arrows the night he dreamed it up?

NORMAN J. MEUNIER
Northampton, Mass.

¶ No, on outrageous fortune.—ED.

Sir:

What I am trying for is the window that can be cleaned on both sides simultaneously.

L. K. FRANK

Grove City, Pa.

The Touchy Issue

Sir:

Your roundup on "The Touchy Issue" in the issue of Sept. 19 was interesting, well done and courageous. Should you have further occasion to comment on this subject,

There is a difference!
Northwestern
Mutual
dividends in 1960:
\$90 million!

DURING THE COURSE of this year, policyholders of Northwestern Mutual will share \$90 million in dividends. This is \$7.5 million more than in 1959. In fact, Northwestern Mutual increased its dividend rate eight times in the past eight years—a record never before equaled by another major life insurance firm. Over these same years, dividends on one of our \$10,000 Ordinary Life Policies (issued to a man 35 years of age) increased 27%.

There are good reasons for this.

High investment return! An investment portfolio of selected securities and mortgages is under the constant supervision of highly qualified professionals. Favorable mortality! This rate has always been low with Northwestern, but never lower than in recent years.

Low operating cost! Home office operations have always been simple. Now, with the added help of electronic equipment, NML employees give even more efficient service to policyholders.

All things considered, it is not surprising that Northwestern Mutual is known as "the dividend-paying company of America!"

Your Northwestern Mutual agent is listed in the phone book. Just call him for more information. *The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*



Answers more questions than any other reference work

... at a fraction of the price
you'd expect to pay!



Brings into your home accurate information on every subject known to man . . . with thousands of illustrations . . . heartily recommended by leaders in every field of knowledge

Here is the most helpful basic reference work that you can have in your home!

It is the most complete dictionary ever published — containing thousands of words and definitions not included in any other dictionary.

It is the world's greatest "information center" — equivalent in printed material to an 18-volume encyclopedia . . . containing so much encyclopedic matter that it has become famous as the great "question answerer."

It covers the entire range of man's knowledge — vocabulary, geography, biography, the arts, the sciences, the professions — opening up for you all the cultural and practical knowledge of this eventful era.

Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, is one of the most inspiring purchases you will ever make for yourself and your family. It is an invaluable aid to students and to leaders in business and every profession . . . an unequalled "partner" in word games and puzzles . . . a "question answerer" so informative and intriguing that someone in your family will turn to it nearly every day.



India Paper Style (right) — same in content but half the thickness and weight.

As your family develops the "look it up" habit, their questions will be answered with complete accuracy, for this New International is the same unabridged *Merriam-Webster* relied on by schools and libraries as "the Supreme Authority" of the English-speaking world.

Don't let the years roll by without giving yourself and your family the benefit of this wonderful, low-cost reference work. See Webster's New International at department, book, or stationery stores.

WARNING: Don't confuse this genuine Webster's New International Dictionary with "big" dictionaries offered as supermarket premiums or in "free" offers. Always look for the *Merriam-Webster* trademark to protect yourself from inferior substitutes.

INSIST ON

MERRIAM- WEBSTER

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary (35 and up) is the only desk dictionary based on the New International. It is the dictionary required and recommended by nearly all schools and colleges. There should be an up-to-date copy in every home.

FREE — Illustrated Booklet of Word Origins

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 620, Springfield 2, Mass.

Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "Interesting Origins of English Words." Also send me more information about Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Name
Address
City & State

the St. Petersburg *Times* policy is identical with the Charlotte *Observer's*, and is extended to ban disparaging remarks also on race and color.

Thank you for getting into this really "touchy" issue.

ROBERT W. BROWN
Associate Editor

St. Petersburg *Times*
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Busy Signal

Sir:

As a recipient of one of the 3,812 phone calls, I read your item "Public's Opinion of Polls" with great interest.

About dimmertime I answered the phone to hear, "This is a presidential election poll. As of now, which candidate would you vote for, Nixon or Kennedy?" I asked the caller to name the organization she represented, and the reply was, "A presidential poll." When I asked of which one, the reply was, "I don't know."

Whether it is pride in the institution of the secret ballot or fear of identification, I feel pleased that all but 34 of those called refused to answer. An inquisitor who refuses to be identified does not deserve an answer.

NEAL T. PINCKNEY

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Of course, all surveys or polls are subject to slight statistical error. However, we have one in North Carolina that we feel is quite reliable. We tabulate automobile bumper stickers to determine the trend of support for presidential candidates.

Our latest tabulation indicates that Nixon is in first place, Linville Caverns is in second, and Kennedy is tied for third with Tweebsie Railroad.

JACK RUNNION

Winston-Salem, N.C.

A for Effort

Sir:

As an avid reader of TIME, and also one of the "angry school officials" who "snort" replies to the accusations of "bright-eyed kids," I found your Sept. 15 article concerning the high schools of Downey to be most revealing. Now I know, firsthand, why I shall never cancel my subscription to your magazine: What other publication offers so much entertaining reading without the intrusion of factual and accurate reporting?

JOHN D. MILAM

Supervisor of Curriculum
and Instruction
Downey Union High School District
Downey, Calif.

Sir:

My hat is off to the wonderful 14 students from Earl Warren and Downey high schools.

A teacher from Earl Warren High (on leave to the Quito Binational Center in Ecuador), I am "guilty as charged" by several of my former students. We did give too few compositions in English classes and fewer yet essay exams. What will help? Get the history teachers out of the English department, the coaches out of the social sciences. Then treat the students as maturing young ladies and gentlemen, even when they don't seem to deserve it, and demand that they work up to a high school student's standard of excellence.

THOM M. HENDRICKSON

Director

Centro Ecuatoriano Norteamericano
Quito, Ecuador

Sir:

I fully agree with the kids that our lax school system should be stiffened. While in a



Presenting *Custom Royal*...the suit that satisfies your urge for luxury



Masterfully tailored, distinctively styled, luxurious to your touch and eye...this is Custom Royal. And this is why it has won world-wide acclaim since its award-winning introduction at the Brussels World's Fair. Available in new patterns and fabrics loomed exclusively for 'Botany' 500 from the finest imported yarns. Also see superb Custom Royal sport coats and outercoats at your 'Botany' 500 dealer. All this luxury at an unluxurious \$79.50

'BOTANY' 500® tailored by DAROFF

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL...it identifies all Custom Royal clothing.
At your 'BOTANY' 500 dealer or write: H. DAROFF & SONS, INC., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Prices slightly higher in the West.



De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

A gift she'll treasure beyond all others

Today, tomorrow, through the years to come, your gift of diamonds will keep this anniversary alive and glowing. Time cannot dim their luster, nor changing fashion make them undesirable. "A diamond is forever." This year, let a diamond gift make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.

A trusted jeweler can help you choose a lovely diamond gift from stock—a pin, earrings, a dinner ring or bracelet. Or, he can design a one-of-a-kind original. Whether you spend \$100, \$500 or more, diamonds give your gift significance, enduring value.



APRIL 12, 1908...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE



The blaze on Summer Street is quickly extinguished. Chief Spencer's men begin to roll up their hoses. Suddenly, a building two blocks away bursts into flames. Wind has carried the sparks, and now it sows these terrible seeds from roof to roof. Soon a great wall of fire rolls over 500 acres of Chelsea, Massachusetts, generating heat so intense it buckles pavements and wrecks fire engines.

In addition to the courage of its citizens, insurance played a vital role in the recovery and reconstruction of Chelsea. History records that the larg-

est total insurance payment was made by companies of the Royal-Globe Insurance Group.

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is today one of the largest and most respected insurance groups in the world. In the United States alone Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every type of risk. *For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe.*



ROYAL-GLOBE INSURANCE GROUP

Casualty • Fire • Marine • Surety 150 William Street, New York 38, New York

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD. • THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • GLOBE INDEMNITY COMPANY • GREEN INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
NEWARK INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN AND FOREIGN INSURANCE COMPANY • THE BRITISH & FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • THAMES & MERSEY INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

Long Distance pays off in extra sales



"Telephone selling jumped our customer contacts 300%!"

**says J. M. Durham,
Denver District Manager, Garlock Inc.**

"Because of the limited size of our sales staff," Mr. Durham adds, "we found that in-person contacts could be made with customers only three to four times a year. Then we began phoning between regular visits. Now we average nine or ten contacts—and our sales reflect the difference."

In selling, the number of contacts is important—for the greater the contacts, the greater the sales. Your telephone can boost both.

Long Distance pays off! Use it now . . . for all it's worth!

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Birmingham to Atlanta	65¢
Milwaukee to Minneapolis	95¢
Newark, N.J. to Cleveland	\$1.15
Boston to Chicago	\$1.50
Seattle to Washington, D.C.	\$2.25

These are day rates. Station-to-Station, for the first three minutes. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATIONS

Sputnik Nik

The capsuled world beside Manhattan's East River spun on its axis with a fervor and furor unknown in the chronicle of nations. By last week the number of national leaders and heads of state at the United Nations 15th General Assembly meeting had grown to 26, and there were more to come. Spinning round them like a sputtering Sputnik was Nikita Khrushchev himself—tossing off dire threats in curstoline interviews, dishing out amiable insults, and defiling the decorum of the U.N. with desk-pounding, finger-wagging interruptions.

Except for his bearded friend Fidel Castro, most of the rest of the world leaders, including the representatives of the unfamiliar new nations, had a feeling for parliamentary behavior and a preference for orderly persuasion. The contrast made Khrushchev all the more conspicuous. President Eisenhower, back in New York for a series of meetings with foreign delegates, stayed away from the U.N. itself but had a quiet talk with Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan whose even-toned eloquence in the General Assembly was the week's best performance. The neutralist leaders, led by India's Jawaharlal Nehru, flitted quietly back and forth engaging in an endless but calm series of talks with each other and with leaders of the great powers. Even New York itself settled down to something resembling order. The passionate pickets of the week before



EISENHOWER & MACMILLAN IN NEW YORK
Midst reason and eloquence, a cranky thunderbolt.

Jim Mahan

had quieted down, and hardly anybody paid much attention to the whirring sirens, blinking lights and other mixed flavors that plague a usurped city.

Garbage. But the inexhaustible Khrushchev never ceased to bounce and joust. Night after night he partied with everyone from the Afghans to the Uruguayans, held high-pressure sales sessions with neutralist leaders, slipped into impromptu press conferences at the drop of a question. More and more, his responses rasped with irritation—as if he could not stand the quiet. To a reporter who asked why he felt that the U.N. had to have a three-man executive to achieve U.N. impartiality he replied: "It is said God alone was able to combine three persons in one. But then, no one has ever seen him, so let that remain in the imagination of the people who invented him." Asked about recent arrests of U.S. tourists in Russia "You are not a fair person. You slide on garbage." As for a meeting with Ike: "I won't go crawling before Eisenhower."

Even the top-priority luncheon thrown for him by his great and good friend (and fellow Lenin prizewinner) Cyrus Eaton the Cleveland industrialist, was not all K. had hoped for. Present were about 125 U.S. and Canadian businessmen (mostly associates of Eaton's) and a flock of Tass reporters. Though Khrush got a

chance to sing his Communist theme, most of the guests deliberately passed up his offer to answer questions from the floor: one disgruntled guest was heard to mutter during K.'s speech: "Oh, sit down, you s.o.b."

Gorilla. All the Khrushchev rumbling through the week climaxed in a thunderbolt display of cranky emotion—in his interruption of Harold Macmillan's speech and in his bellowing blasts at the U.S. from the rostrum itself (see FOREIGN NEWS). Shocking as it was to the world, it made all the more clear the fact that Nikita Khrushchev, the human Sputnik, had not yet been able to recover the initiative and the sense of menace he had created so effectively in the weeks before his arrival in New York.

Yet he was still very much of a bold presence in the U.S. He professed not to like it. "I don't like the life here. There is no greenery. It would make a stone sick." But the Russians applied for a permit to keep their ship *Baltika* docked in the East River for an additional 23 days (at \$84.40 per day), and Khrushchev teased newsmen with the idea that he might stay in town till New Year's. If he kept on that way, he would be advancing neither the cause of peace nor the cause of Communism, and might set back Russian vaudeville 40 years.



Hugh Morris—Louisville Journal
"I WANT IT FOR MY VERY OWN"



THE CAMPAIGN

Biggest Gun

Jabbing a finger toward his desk chair, Dwight Eisenhower told a recent White House visitor: "Listen, dammit, I'm going to do everything possible to keep that Jack Kennedy from sitting in this chair."

Last week Ike left his chair and charged into his first week of active politicking with the gusto of a veteran G.I. answering a chow call. The week's high point came as a drumroll of applause beat up to the speaker's dais in Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel. Ike flashed a Nixon-Lodge badge as big as a butter plate, grinned mightily, pumped his arms skyward in the familiar big V for the benefit of 40,000 Republicans, linked at fund-raising dinners in 36 cities by closed-circuit TV. Then well aware that Republicans were still hurting from the TV debate between Dick Nixon and Jack Kennedy, the biggest political gun in the land fired a barrage for Nixon and Cabot Lodge.

The Dark Continent. "I have noted allegations of late that the Vice President has contributed little to the affairs of Government over these last seven and a half successful years," said he. "On this matter, let me set the record straight." During these years Dick Nixon has participated with me and high officials of your Government in hundreds of important deliberative proceedings of the Cabinet, National Security Council and other agencies. His counsel has been invaluable to me." Nixon said, is "the possessor of a vast richness of experience in domestic affairs, foreign relations and person-to-person diplomacy . . . man capable of calm decision in the midst of frenzy, a man who is neither intimidated by selfish pressure groups at home nor tyrants abroad." It was all-out praise, and if political popularity can be transferred, Ike had certainly done his part to decide who would sit in his chair next.

Ike proceeded to lob a couple of shells into the Democratic camp. Most of them were intended for Nominee Kennedy: "Leadership is not proved by a mere whirling across the public stage in a burst of campaign oratory. We do not want leadership that sees only dark continents of despair in American life. We do not

want leadership that recklessly exhausts the rightful heritage of our grandchildren. We are against leadership that seeks to center all government in Washington."

The High Pie. In Philadelphia earlier, Ike told why he had dedicated his Administration to stopping "the spenders." Under Ike's four commandments, a government of fiscal responsibility shall not:

¶ Use the taxing power to weaken or tyrannize the private economy;

¶ Resort to the borrowing power to escape the sacrifices that go with responsibility;

¶ Delude the people into taking the deceptively easy road of deficit spending, unbalanced budgets, or inflationary fiscal policies;

¶ Use the power of appropriation falsely to offer the people something for nothing.

Deficit spending, he warned, is "the way of the political coward" and a sure road to national weakness. In a barbed aside, Ike urged his receptive hearers (2,500 certified public accountants) not to be decoyed by "glittering political promises of pie in the sky."

Ike flew on to Denver at week's end (for the funeral services of his beloved "Min"—Mamie's mother Olivera Doud, 32—see *MILESTONES*). From a purely political point of view, Republicans could take comfort from the roar of the week's crowds wherever he went, particularly those he heard in New York. Clearly his eight-year honeymoon with the American voter had not lost its glow.

Candid Camera

— WAS NIXON SABOTAGED BY TV MAKE-UP ARTIST? demanded Chicago's *Daily News*, which leans to the Republican side. "This newspaper is 100% behind you, Richard Milhous Nixon," editorialized the arch-conservative Manchester, N.H. *Union Leader*, adding: "Frankly, we thought Nixon was clubbed." Just about as kind a judgment as Dick Nixon could find in a newspaper after his first TV debate with Jack Kennedy last week was a headline in the Washington *Post*: **BIG DEBATE VIEWED AS DEAD HEAT.** And even the most charitable Republican politico knew that in the circumstances, a dead heat meant that Vice President Nixon had wound up in a tie with an opponent he had branded "immature" and "naive."

Pitch for the Independents. On sound points of argument Nixon probably took most of the honors; a private poll or-

ganized by Atlanta *Constitution* Publisher Ralph McGill reported Nixon a clear winner to those who listened only by radio. But since the debate shed little new light on the issues of the campaign, some 7.3 million television viewers were left with the sharp image of the campaigners themselves: two well-informed men, quick with figures and fact, talking quickly against the clock. Older men—an Eisenhower, a Stevenson, a Truman—might not have had so many statistics by heart but probably would have projected more certainty of character.

Kennedy was alert, aggressive and cool. Nixon was strangely nervous, perspiring profusely, so badly made up (by order of his own TV adviser, who decreed a light powdering instead of pancake makeup) that under the baleful glare of floodlights he looked ill as well as ill at ease. One of Nixon's difficulties was his decision to pitch his appeals to the all-important independent voters, and as if afraid that they would be repelled if he was too aggressive, he seemed overeager to agree to Kennedy's goals and question only means. Nixon thus had an unexpected "me, too" sound.

Lift for the Lackadaisical. Kennedy's confident performance energized lackadaisical Democrats like no other single event in the campaign. From Hot Springs, Ark., nine Democratic Governors, gathered for the 26th annual Southern Governors' Conference and lukewarm until now, sent Kennedy a telegram of hearty congratulations. "Unless Kennedy had won the debate," said Virginia's Lindsay Almond, "there would have been no telegram." Stevenson Democrats, who had been sulking ever since the Convention, showed new enthusiasm for the man who could stand up to Nixon.

Kennedy's street crowds also got bigger—and more enthusiastic. Before the debate newsmen had amused themselves by counting "jumpers" in the crowds—women who hopped up and down at the sight of their handsome hero. Now they noted "double jumpers" (jumpers with babies in their arms). By week's end they even spotted a few "leapers" who reached prodigious heights.

The change was not yet reflected in polls. Pollsters, who swarmed down on the viewing public like locusts, found that hardly a vote had been changed by the long-awaited debate. But after all, it had been only Round 1 of four. This week—Round 2.

REPUBLICANS

Silver Linings

For a time last week, Richard Nixon could have been taken for legendary Joe Bifspik, the creature out of *L'H. Ahmer* who always walks under a cloud. There was his trouble on the TV debate with Kennedy. Rain dogged him from Illinois to New York to Massachusetts. Chowder fog slowed his chartered Convair while crowds waited restlessly on the ground below. Gremlins bugged up his public-address system in Long Island City and Schenectady, N.Y., and unfortunate twists crept into his off-the-cuff sallies ("It's our responsibility that we . . . get rid of the farmers" instead of "farm surplus").

But Joe Bifspik's cloud had its spots of silver lining. Flying from Chicago into Memphis, Nixon got the biggest crowds in the city's history, outdrawing Democrat Kennedy's visit the week before. Down on the Mississippi waterfront, crowds twice as great as Kennedy's clogged the street for a block to hear Nixon. Rain started falling, umbrellas snapped open, but no one left. Nixon spoke out on civil rights and when he said "Let's make our country the shining example for all the world to see of equality for all," many whites cheered along with the Negroes.

Biggest Turnout. At the start of his first campaign foray into New York City crowds were slow. But they picked up as he toured Long Island. So did Nixon's fire. "Remember, when our opponents suggest how much they are going to spend, that isn't Jack's money they are spending but your money," said he stop after stop—and the line got a big hand every time.

The week's climax came on Kennedy's own home grounds of Boston. Wet confetti showered on Pat and Dick, cheers echoed through the damp, narrow streets from Bostonians lined six to eight deep, and many broke ranks to chase after his car. Police numbered the throng at an extravagant 250,000, yet it was undoubtedly the biggest street turnout anywhere in the campaign.

"Kennedy's Congress." That night an exuberant Nixon was flailing as though the Nixon-Kennedy TV debate had never happened. "Our opponents have a performance gap as wide as the missile gap that they left us at the beginning of this Administration, and which we've been closing ever since," he told a Boston audience. The summer session of Congress, said Nixon, was "Kennedy's Congress," and it was "a monumental failure." His partisan crowd noisily devoured the scraps of red meat. His visit to Boston, said Nixon, was "one of the greatest days."

On the stump Nixon was not yet the punching campaigner of yesteryear. But he was beginning to take off his gloves.

© During the week students at the University of Vermont asked Nixon to describe the most exciting day of his life. "It was the day I received a scholarship to law school at Duke," he reminisced. Then he diplomatically corrected himself. "No, that was the second-happiest day. The first was the day I proposed to Pat."

DEMOCRATS

Little Brother Is Watching

[See Cover]

The rain pelted a Chrysler sedan racing through the night toward Lincoln on U.S. 6, a straight and lonely stretch of Nebraska blacktop. The elephantine semi-trailers, lumbering west, flung blobs of muddy film at the windshield as the car sped past them, slowing the metronome wipers to a languid tempo. Inside, the three people huddled together in the front seat were as melancholy as the weather and the night. Bob Conrad, Nebraska's Democratic senatorial nominee, hunched over the wheel, peering grimly into the darkness. Beside him, pretty, black-haired Helen Abdouch, executive secretary of the

Farewell, Nebraska. By the time the unhappy threesome reached the Lincoln airport (with only a warning for speeding), Bobby had wrung a promise from his companions to try harder to weld the diffident organizations together and win the day for the Democrats. But as his plane headed for Kansas City, Bob Kennedy reached a glum conclusion: Nebraska, like much of the farm belt, was sticking with the Republican Party. Even in the Democratic tenderloin of South Omaha, only 35 of the faithful had turned out to hear him speak that morning; at Lincoln's Cornhusker Hotel there were just 25 listeners. The state organization was badly fragmented and outclassed by the well-organized Republicans, and the voters were more concerned with world



BOBBY KENNEDY ADDRESSING RALLY IN OMAHA
Bore in now and rest in November.

Nebraska Kennedy organization, listened silently to the complaints of the shock-headed young man on her right.

Why, asked Robert Francis Kennedy, the ubiquitous campaign manager for his brother Jack, couldn't the local Democratic faction get together behind the national campaign? Why weren't the volunteers working harder? What was wrong? Under Kennedy's cross-examination, Bob Conrad's temper suddenly snapped, and he jammed the accelerator in anger. "It's not as simple as that," he rasped. But before he could say much more, a Nebraska highway patrolman flashed him to a stop. Muttering his disgust, Conrad got out of the car to talk to the cop. Bobby Kennedy, his mind still zeroing in on politics, paid no attention. Slumping down in his seat, he turned his questions on Helen Abdouch. "Can't we do something to straighten it out?" he asked plaintively. "Won't the county organizations work with you? We'll put one person in charge . . ."

crises and religion than with the price of corn. "We're behind in Nebraska," Bob mused, "but we're behind in Illinois too. We have to have Illinois, but we don't have to have Nebraska. We should spend our time and money in Illinois."

Such calculations and command decisions saturate Bobby's busy mind as he hurries restlessly around the country. For a year his thoughts, passions and supercharged energies have been directed toward one goal: to get his brother Jack elected President of the U.S. In Hyannisport this summer, he called his exhausted staff together for a meeting on the morning after their triumphant arrival from the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles. There was no time to savor the victory. "We can rest in November," Bobby announced sternly.

Sleep and food are secondary to Bobby in his relentless quest, and he has paid a price for his dedication. His nerves are frayed, deep circles rim his eyes, his slight shoulders are stooped with fatigue. Jack

Kennedy frequently shows the same weariness in his own grueling campaign rounds, but Jack seizes his opportunities to relax and recharge—on a midnight plane seat, between the rounds in a hotel room, during his occasional days off in Washington and Hyannisport. (Before last week's TV debate, he holed up in a Chicago hotel room, slept eleven hours, napped another two.) Bobby never stops. Says Jack: "He's living on nerves." He is also living on the absolute conviction that he and Jack are going to win in November.

Farewell, Cities. With Election Day just five weeks off, few Democrats share Bobby Kennedy's certainty of victory. Although the professionals exude the usual public confidence, many politicians in both parties are privately jittery and uncertain about the outcome. All the current polls show Kennedy and Nixon running neck and neck, with as much as 25% of the electorate still undecided on how to vote. Even in traditionally "safe" states, the margin of safety is uncomfortably close, and neither party can breathe easily. Nixon's claim on California is as shaky as Kennedy's on North Carolina, and while Kennedy seems to be luring the big Northern cities back from Eisenhower, Nixon seems to be luring the up-and-coming Southern cities away from Kennedy. Most of the big, pivotal states where the election will be decided are still no cinches (see box next page). Barring an unforeseen crisis at home or abroad, or a dramatic change in the political weather, the 1960 political campaign should go down to the line as the closest, most hair-raising race since 1916, though in the end the electoral margin may be wide.

Wherever Jack Kennedy and Dick Nixon went, they drew record crowds, roaring responses. In Cleveland last week 200,000 swarmed around Kennedy (and Senator Frank Lausche, habitually a loner, hastened to climb on the bandwagon). Roaring through Democratic Dixie, Nixon drew an astounding throng of 70,000 in Memphis. In their first joint television appearance, the two men seemed as evenly matched—though differing in style and pace—as a pair of Tiffany cuff links. Among independents and wavers, however, who had not felt the magic of personal contact, there remain lingering doubts and misgivings about both candidates. The candidates, with much more traveling ahead, and much more television, will do what they can to resolve doubts and arouse enthusiasm. But at least in the eyes of the pros, the main burden of getting out the vote now rests—as Adlai Stevenson learned, to his sorrow, in 1956—on a fast-moving, hard-working, well-integrated political organization. And in Kennedy terms, that means Jack and Bobby, the most successful brother act in U.S. politics.

Extrasensory Contact. Amid the complexities and problems of his first nationwide campaign, Bobby Kennedy is an organizer to reckon with. "I don't have to think about organization," says Jack Kennedy. "I just show up." The brothers have



REGISTRATION'S BOSS THOMPSON

Plenty of votes to reach.

an extrasensory communications system with each other: Bobby rarely has to consult Jack when confronted with a difficult decision; he acts quickly and instinctively. A young man of brutal honesty and impeccable integrity, Bobby frequently antagonizes politicians with his blunt opinions and untactful tactics. Says Jack: "Every politician in Massachusetts was mad at Bobby after 1952 [when he managed Jack's first, successful Senate campaign], but we had the best organization in history."

In the 1960 campaign, Bobby is running a taut ship. He has an abhorrence of laziness, works like a stevedore himself and demands the same kind of dedicated performance of his workers. In return he



NATIONAL CHAIRMAN JACKSON
Plenty of trouble to shoot.

gives complete loyalty. (When the Senate labor rackets committee was winding up its investigation of corruption in the nation's labor unions, Chief Counsel Bob Kennedy called in each of his hard-working staffers, talked at length about their problems, and arranged at least one job prospect for each man and woman.) Except for a handful of top assistants, Bobby trusts no one, feels compelled to assure himself of every situation. Many politicians and field workers accuse him of ruthlessness, and in his single-mindedness he often conveys that impression. In New York, at the campaign's outset, he made no friends with a tough speech to the reform Democrats who were warring with the regular organization: "Gentlemen, I don't give a damn if the state and county organizations survive after November, and I don't give a damn if you survive. I want to elect John F. Kennedy." Many of his listeners were offended, but Bobby achieved his purpose, and the feuding forces of Tammany Hall and the Eleanor Roosevelt reformers agreed to work together—separately—under the direction of a coordinator who was a Washington, D.C., nephew of Jack Kennedy's.

Campaign workers grumble at Bobby's hattering-ram methods ("Little Brother Is Watching" is a *sub rosa* slogan at San Francisco's Kennedy headquarters), but they work as hard as they complain. Says Bobby's father, Joe Kennedy: "Ruthless? As a person who has had the term applied to him for 50 years, I know a bit about it. Anybody who is controversial is called ruthless. Any man of action is always called ruthless. It's ridiculous." Bobby, says his father, is just dedicated: "Jack works as hard as any mortal man can. Bobby goes a little further."

Political Harvester. While Jack relaxed on the beach last summer, recovering from the primaries and the convention, Bobby hustled down to Washington. The machine that he and Jack had built had proved its mettle in a string of primary victories and at the convention. In the primaries the old, outmoded political organizations were bulldozed aside, the old, skeptical politicians brought into line or surrounded. But would the streamlined political harvester that had worked so efficiently and winningly in the furrows of Wisconsin and West Virginia and the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena be adequate in the back forty of the entire nation?

At first Bobby acted as though it would. Washington's able Senator Henry Jackson had agreed to serve as Democratic national chairman until Jan. 1—a job that, under normal circumstances, would put him in charge of the campaign. But Bobby quickly and quietly asserted his authority, and Jack confirmed it. Nowadays, everybody works for Bobby, and Scoop Jackson is a titled figurehead and troubleshooter (this week he was off in his own Washington State trying to retrieve a situation that imperils Jack Kennedy's chances there).

Bobby sat himself down in a small green-carpeted office in Washington's Con-

neicut Avenue command post and went to work on the National Committee itself. In Paul Butler's six years as chairman, a lot of moss had gathered. Bobby was appalled: "When we first took over here, there were at least 100 workers, and only one girl who could take dictation." At first there was talk of heads rolling, but Bobby strategically retreated: there was not time to build a new headquarters staff, and a lot of influential Democrats would have been offended by a wholesale slaughter. Instead, Bob increased his forces. Today the National Committee has overflowed into dozens of offices in five Washington buildings, and the scene at headquarters is one of organized confusion, with mimeograph machines and tables choking the corridors and the offices jammed to their transoms with employees. "Everybody's working like hell," says a press aide. "Some of them don't know what they're doing, but they're working like hell."

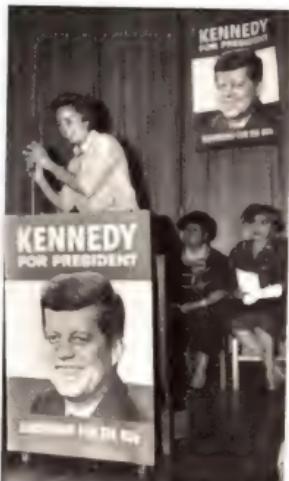
Not Enough Kennedy. Around him Bobby assembled the elite corps of veterans from Operation Kennedy—Top Organizer Larry O'Brien, Scheduling Coordinator Kenny O'Donnell, Press Attaché Pierre Salinger, Fund Raiser (and brother-in-law) Steve Smith. Brother Ted Kennedy was ordered to San Francisco to supervise campaign operations from the Rockies to the Pacific Coast, Denver Lawyer Byron ("Whizzer") White assumed command of the volunteer Citizens for Kennedy-Johnson groups, and 30 regional coordinators went forth to arbitrate local squabbles and mastermind campaigns in 30 states.

As the campaign rolled off, Bobby found that his problems were far more exasperating than any of the tight little situations he had handled so deftly in the primaries. The Operation Kennedy cadre was spread too thin—there were not enough members of the Kennedy family, enough brisk young Harvardians, enough seasoned toilers from the primaries to blanket the entire U.S. In some states, Bobby settled for second-rate, amateurish local leaders; in others, imported Kennedy men were hampered by local feuds and politicians jealous of outside intruders. Some states, such as Indiana, lent themselves to a formula of the local organization and the volunteers working together in happy harmony under the direction of a coordinator from headquarters. In a few places, such as Montana, the tough young Kennedy corps took over completely. In other states, such as Pennsylvania, Bobby soon discovered that the most prudent solution seemed to be to leave everything in the hands of the local organizations. The result: Bobby discovered, is spotty: it is working fine in Ohio, not so well in Texas, dimly in Washington.

In some metropolitan areas, e.g., New York and Los Angeles, the existing machinery was dismally run-down. There were complaints of communication failure with GHQ. Supplies of campaign literature, buttons, bumper stickers were short. In Los Angeles Democrats complained

that they had not received enough of the official campaign manuals to distribute to even the top officials—and in Madison Wis., playgrounds Kennedy buttons were rare enough to net ten Nixon buttons in return. The ironic truth: Multimillionaire Kennedy and his family could legally contribute no more campaign funds.

Fearless & Merciless. Bobby has had far better luck in his crash program to register new voters. "The Democrats are there," he says, "and if we are going to win this election, we just have to reach them." As director of the program, Jack Kennedy selected his friend, Representative Frank ("Fearless") Thompson Jr., a handsome, hard-driving New Jersey Congressman who matches Bobby's own energy and relentless single-mindedness. Working around the clock and country, Frank Thompson has spent \$100,000 on



ETHEL KENNEDY IN HARLEM
The cadre wouldn't stretch.

the program, recruiting 200,000 door-to-door canvassers to goad laggard voters into the registration centers. He stalks his workers mercilessly, personally spot-checking their screenings of the election districts and frequently uncovering by-passed Democrats.

In the big cities Thompson has encountered stiff, if subtle, resistance from the organization bosses, who fear that they may lose control of their districts if thousands of rediscovered Democrats suddenly outnumber faithful machine supporters. In New York, the reformers complain that Tammany workers will not walk up more than one flight of stairs to seek out new voters. But despite the bosses' roadblocks, Thompson's raiders have done a good job. Some 140,000 new Spanish-speaking Democrats have been registered in California through the Viva Kennedy

Clubs. In Baltimore, Thompson's pilot city, 7,000 "unsuspected Democrats" have been uncovered. In Pennsylvania, registered Democrats exceed Republicans, 2,851,000 to 2,812,000, for the first time in recent years. Tabulating the national returns last week, Bobby Kennedy gleefully noted that 8,500,000 new voters (65% Democratic) had registered already, and the hoped-for goal of 10 million may be reached by mid-October, when the last of the state registrations will be completed.

Plumbum Politics. For all his boyish enthusiasm, Bob Kennedy at 34 has had a lifetime of political experience. He managed his first political campaign—Jack's first run for the Senate in 1953—before his 27th birthday. And, like all the rest of the Clan Kennedy, Bobby learned about politics under the influence of his grandfather, John ("Honey Fitz") Fitzgerald, as soon as he learned to spoon up his Pabloum by himself. The seventh of Joe and Rose Kennedy's nine children, he was born in his mother's bedroom in Brookline, Mass., was still in diapers when the family migrated to New York and Joe Kennedy set out to conquer Wall Street.

In the long shadows cast by his glamorous, extraverbant older brothers and sisters, Bobby was all but overwhelmed. He was naturally shy, physically slight and never much of a student, but he compensated with grim determination to succeed. Recalls a Milton Academy classmate: "It was much tougher in school for him than the others—socially, in football, with studies." In the closing months of the war, Second Class Seaman Kennedy served aboard the newly commissioned destroyer *Joseph P. Kennedy Jr.* (named for his brother, who died in an airplane explosion over the English Channel). But though Joe died for his country in Europe, and Jack's heroism in the Solomons became a great wartime tale of the South Pacific, Bobby's naval service consisted of six dismal months in the Caribbean, spent mostly scraping paint, with no sign of the enemy.

At Harvard after the war, admits Bobby, "I led a rather relaxed life." His driving energies were focused almost entirely on football, and he made the varsity team despite his wiry physique (5 ft. 10 in., 165 lbs.).

Days of Glory. After college Bobby drifted. As a correspondent for the *Boston Post*, he covered the Arab-Israeli war and the Berlin airlift. He won his law degree at the University of Virginia, entered Government service as a junior attorney for the Justice Department, where one of his first cases was the Owen Lattimore investigation. In 1950 he married Ethel Skakel, a Greenwich, Conn. girl he had met on a college ski trip (who has turned into a first-rate political campaigner). In 1952 Bobby joined the legal staff of Joe McCarthy's Senate Investigations Subcommittee. A diligent worker, he uncovered a headline-getting scandal involving British merchant ships carrying supplies to Red China during the Korean War. The "slipshod" investigations of the

WHERE THE POWER LIES

Stevenson in 1956 - 73

Eisenhower in 1956 - 457

ELECTORAL SCOREBOARD

220

287 — POWER STATES

537 Total electoral vote in 1960, 269 needed to win

61 — Kennedy's minimum hopes for victory

213

Alaska & Hawaii



As the election campaign moves into its final month there are mighty few sure votes to be counted. Kennedy commands a native son lead in New England and Democratic loyalties in the Deep South. Nixon can count on the traditionally Republican farm belt. But the battles for the undecided and uncommitted rage through most of the U.S. Both sides agree that the election will be won or lost in the great population states with the big electoral votes. Here is how TIME correspondents saw the battle last week:

Alabama: Unenthusiastically for Kennedy, as for Al Smith and Adlai Stevenson.

Alaska: Sourdoughs are predominantly Democratic and Kennedy's.

Arizona: A 2½-to-1 Democratic margin in registration but the state's dominant mood is conservative, Nixon.

Arkansas: With Gov. Faubus' backing, weakly Kennedy.

California: Democrats are ahead 3 to 2 in voter registration, but Nixon leads the polls. Stevenson Democrats in vote-heavy Southern California are lukewarm for Kennedy. The Democratic organization is sundered into half a dozen wings. By contrast, Nixon has crafted an able cadre of workers since 1946, and they have overcome the chaos left by the Knight-Knowland fight for the gubernatorial nomination in 1958. Khrushchev is a big issue, and Cabot Lodge is warmly regarded. On his home grounds, Nixon leads.

Colorado: Both parties well organized and working hard. A tossup.

Connecticut: Democrats are nervous about a big independent small-town registration but Governor Abe Ribicoff, a Kennedy pioneer, should lead a Kennedy victory, especially since Catholics make up 47% of the population.

Delaware: Democrats, though feuding among themselves, are registering new city voters, trying to overhaul an outstate margin that gives Nixon a lead.

Florida: Dade County's Catholic and Jewish vote should go preponderantly for Kennedy, oldsters for Nixon. Conservative Democrats are only halfheartedly for Kennedy. Nixon has a slight edge in the state that went for Ike in 1952 and 1956. But polls show a whopping 37% undecided.

Georgia: Loyally Democratic.

Hawaii: Religion will swing some Catholics to Kennedy, but the powerful Teamsters and Longshoremen are doing nothing for him, Nixon.

Idaho: Nixon.

Illinois: Chicago's Cook County cradles half the state's votes, and Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machine is purring at peak efficiency. Downstate, the Republican tide is at low ebb. G.O.P. Governor William Stratton, stuck with a scandal-seared administration, split the party by insisting on running for a third term. Traditionally Republican newspapers in Peoria, Moline, Pekin and Rockford have endorsed the Democratic candidate for Governor, Otto Kerner. Republicans say their polls put Nixon ahead 54-46 and Bobby Kennedy groans, "We're behind." But Democrats may yet take Illinois.

Indiana: Democrats concede to Nixon.

Iowa: Nixon ahead in this Republican, Protestant country.

Kansas: Republican roots run deep.

Kentucky: Kennedy is gaining from factory layoffs (in farm machinery, appliances) but Catholicism is proving a tough handicap. Slightly Nixon.

Louisiana: French Catholics and Negroes will probably swing back from Ike and tilt the balance for Kennedy.

Maine: Despite recent heavy votes for Democrats at state level, Republican tradition runs deep in presidential years. A stand-off.

Maryland: Protestant farmers are being influenced by the religion issue, but so are the big city and suburban Catholics (17% of the population). Even.

Massachusetts: The Boston Red Sox will win baseball's World Series before Boston's Kennedy loses Massachusetts.

Michigan: In one of the most strongly unionized states in the land, Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers are driving hard for Kennedy in the local halls and on the assembly lines, will pay thousands of members to stay away from their jobs and flush out the vote on Election Day. Detroit's Wayne County is the most heavily Democratic area in the North, and local polls give wide leads to Kennedy among its many Negroes (86% for Kennedy), Jews (80%), Catholics (79%), unskilled laborers (69%), immigrants (63%). But the Republicans are equally strong outside, and better organized than at any time since World War II, behind Gubernatorial Candidate Paul Bagwell. Outlook: thin edge to Nixon.

Minnesota: Lively, fresh Republican organization cut into Democratic farmer-labor majorities in the primaries, but unemployment in the northern iron range, a strong Catholic vote in St. Paul, and deep-seated Democratic loyalties in Minneapolis give Kennedy a lead.

Mississippi: Democratic regulars will rebuff Governor Ross Barnett's independent-electors movement, win by a trimmed majority.

Missouri: Strongly anti-Catholic in rural areas, but Democratic Kansas City and heavily Catholic St. Louis should carry for Kennedy.

Montana: Democratic and strongly unionized, Kennedy.

Nebraska: Republican and Protestant, Nixon.

Nevada: An edge to native-daughter Pat Nixon's husband.

New Hampshire: Rock-ribbed Republicans cast more primary votes for Nixon in 1956 than for Ike in 1956.

New Jersey: The big city Democratic machines are well organized, well heeled, well manned—and working round the clock to register new voters. Their speakers use the religion issue to stimulate the sympathy of the state's Catholics (39%), as well as the many Jews and Negroes, who are sensitive to bias and bigotry. (Said Congressman Frank Thompson Jr., leader of the Democrats' nationwide voter-registration drive, in a speech at a Levittown luncheon fortnight ago: "If they get a Catholic this time, they'll get a Jew the next time, then a Negro.") Khrushchev helps the Republicans, and so does the memory of Cabot Lodge just across the river at the U.N. (By contrast, Lyndon Johnson's name is conspicuously missing from Democratic buttons, posters.) Republicans also expect a lift from the large influx of white-collar conservatives to the bedroom suburbs. Kennedy ahead.

New Mexico: Probably Kennedy.

New York: The biggest state has gone Republican in three straight presidential elections—the last time by 1,500,000 votes. To overcome the upstate Republican bulge, the Democrats need a landslide in New York City—where the "minorities" make up a majority. Biggest bloc: 2,600,000 Roman Catholics. The Jewish population, 2,400,000, has shown little passion for either candidate. Among the Jews spread rumors, since denied, of Father Joe Kennedy's sympathy to Nazi Germany while he was Ambassador to England on the eve of World War II. Similar rumors spread that in the heat of Nixon's California senatorial campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950, he sneered that she was married to Actor Melvyn Douglas, "whose real name is Hesselberg."¹⁰ New York's Negroes (950,000) generally vote Democratic, but Kennedy lost some support among Negro leaders by putting Lyndon Johnson on the ticket, may have won some back now that Harlem's top politico, Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, is campaigning for him. Nixon gained ground in Harlem by visiting Africa, by praising the Southern sit-ins, and by enlisting ex-Ballplayer Jackie Robinson for his staff. Puerto Ricans number 700,000 in the city, and one of their idols is Spanish-speaking Nelson Rockefeller, who is going all

⁹ B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League spent five months in 1957 investigating the Melvyn Douglas story, reported that Nixon never said anything of the kind. Says Anti-Defamation League National Chairman Henry Edward Schultz: "Questions have been raised and are likely to continue to be raised about the attitude of Vice President Nixon and Senator Kennedy toward Jews. We believe both men to be wholly free of anti-Semitic bias."

out stumping the state for his onetime rival Nixon. Good polls show a neck-and-neck race, with 25% of the voters undecided. But Kennedy seems to be surging.

North Carolina: Conservatives are trending toward Nixon, but Kennedy narrowed the gap in his recent successful sweep through the state.

North Dakota: Scandinavian, Lutheran, Republican.

Ohio: Democratic Governor Mike DiSalle has temporarily forgotten his pique at the Kennedy's (who threatened to demolish him in a primary race unless he played Back-Jack), has put his bulk behind the ticket. Kennedy is strong in the northern industrial cities, but Republicans are strong in the south, where the religion issue is hot. Kennedy leads.

Oklahoma: Democrats are feuding, and the Baptists (425,000 strong) are defecting to Nixon.

Oregon: In a state that has never elected a Catholic to a statewide office, Nixon leads.

Pennsylvania: Democrats hold the lead in voter registration for the first time, and they have an issue: the economy. There are sizable layoffs in the state's coal, steel and rail industries. Democrats are not letting the people forget that President Eisenhower twice vetoed aid for depressed areas, that Pennsylvania's Republican senate torpedoed many a welfare bill sponsored by Democratic Governor Dave Lawrence. Democratic Boss Bill Green will deliver Philadelphia to Kennedy. Lawrence will deliver Pittsburgh and Steelworkers' Chief Dave McDonald hopes to hand over the union vote. But the Pennsylvania Dutch are suspicious of Kennedy's Catholicism, and are registering in large numbers for the first time since 1928. The many Poles and Lithuanians warmly remember Dick Nixon's tough talk to Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow and his triumphal entry into Warsaw. Nixon ran better than Ike did in the primaries. Kennedy collected a large write-in vote, drew enthusiastic crowds while campaigning. Outlook: even, with Kennedy gaining.

Rhode Island: Catholics (38%) are largely Democratic; most of them will endorse Kennedy.

South Carolina: The crack in the Solid South. Segregationists are swinging behind Nixon, the choice of ex-Governor Jimmy Byrnes and the editorialists.

South Dakota: Loyal Republican.

Tennessee: Democrats are pulling together as rarely before (they are even working with Negroes), but Nixon is powerful and popular in the Republican, Protestant, eastern part of the state. Even.

Texas: Democrats comprise upwards of 80% of the electorate. But they fault Jack Kennedy for his liberalism, Catholicism and coziness with union leaders. Fortnight ago, the Texas Democratic convention chucked the party's national platform in favor of one of its own—which would keep taxes low, federal powers at a minimum, unions and Negroes in their places. The oil millionaires have yet to unloose their purse strings for the Democratic campaign chest (Nixon publicly promised to preserve their 23% oil-depletion allowance). Of the state's 1,000,000 adult Baptists, probably 90% will vote against Jack Kennedy. But probably the same percentage of its 400,000 Mexican-American voters will swing back from Eisenhower to their fellow Catholic, Jack Kennedy. Latest statewide polls put Nixon and Kennedy neck and neck, with a big 22% undecided.

Utah: Mormons are generally cool to Catholicism. Nixon, Protestant, Yankee and Republican.

Vermont: With a mistrust of Catholicism and no Kennedy endorsement from Political Patriarch Harry Byrd, Nixon has it.

Washington: Lumbermen and fishermen are bucking an economic slump, and Kennedy has a thin edge.

West Virginia: Miners and mountain people may carry the state for Kennedy because unemployment is a more compelling issue than religion.

Wisconsin: Republicans won 52% of the primary vote, but enough of a bloc vote from the large Catholic population (31%) could put Kennedy across.

Wyoming: For Nixon.



THE KENNEDY BROTHERS & STAFF AT HYANNISPORT.
The last mile on a Nixonpedia.

Time Inc. photo

committee's chief counsel. Roy Cohn seemed just as scandalous to Bobby, and he resigned from the committee staff. But he was soon back on the subcommittee as the Democrats' minority counsel. After the Democrats won the Senate in 1954, Bob Kennedy took over as the subcommittee's chief counsel.

Bobby's days of glory began in 1958, when he was appointed counsel for the Senate labor rackets committee. In his investigations of corruption in organized labor, he was indefatigable, drove himself (and his staff) mercilessly through high-pressure, 16-hour days that stretched out over two years. On television screens, his persistent grilling of the labor hoods absorbed the nation, and for a time Bobby overshadowed his big brother as a national figure. "Everyone likes to feel he's done something," says Jack. "Bobby felt submerged, and then he came along with this labor investigation."

As the tales of the labor hoods unfolded under Bobby's stern questioning, he made loyal friends and mortal enemies. Many of the inner circle of the Kennedy team—O'Donnell, Salinger, Advance Man Walter Sheridan—are veteran staffers of the labor rackets committee and the most loyal supporters of Bobby Kennedy. But the reaction of his adversaries is foaming. Jimmy Hoffa turns purple at the mere mention of the Kennedy name. "Bobby Kennedy," he says, in a compassionate moment, "is a young, dim-witted, curly-headed smart aleck." Says an attorney who opposed him: "I might as well leave town if Jack Kennedy is elected President." Says Bobby: "It was like playing Notre Dame every day."

Like Notre Dame. Bobby got his taste of the political big league in Jack's unsuccessful 1956 bid for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination. Rehashing the hectic scene in Chicago when Jack came within 38½ votes of beating Estes Kefauver, Bobby recalls: "I said right there, we should forget the issues and send Christ-

mas cards next time." Next time was close at hand: two months after the convention, Jack Kennedy began the long build-up for his 1960 campaign. Bobby was ready and willing to try his political stagecraft on a nationwide scale.

As the campaign has developed, the brothers and their trusted aides have worked out a flexible strategy. Their views on specific issues:

THE CHARGE THAT JACK KENNEDY IS IMMATURE. Hours after the TV debate Bobby had the Lou Harris pollsters out measuring the result. The debate, he says, "destroyed the Republicans' major argument. I think that Jack can win this election with or without TV. But this was a step forward in front of more than 70 million people."

FOREIGN POLICY. Bobby believes that the final TV foreign policy debate will be a trap for Nixon—and that G.O.P. Campaign Manager Len Hall has underestimating Jack Kennedy's grasp of foreign policy. "Jack was writing books on it before Nixon ever knew anything about it," he scoffs. "Jack had been to 30 foreign countries before Nixon had been to five." But the Kennedys know that Khrushchev's presence in the U.S. is helping Nixon and hurting Kennedy—"a slow hurt."

EISENHOWER AND ROCKEFELLER. The Democrats have only Harry Truman and Adlai Stevenson to match against Dick Nixon's high-caliber supporting cast, but, says Bobby, "you can't transfer popularity." Nevertheless, Bobby and his Harris pollsters are tracking Ike's campaign path anxiously. They are also concerned about the popularity of Nixon's running mate Henry Cabot Lodge and the Southern incursions of the G.O.P.'s conservative leader, Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater.

FARM POLICY. "It comes down now to a choice between Ezra Benson and the Pope."

RELIGION. The problem has passed its peak, but, says Bobby, "it could peak again." Hard-boiled Kennedyites run a

continual poll on the Catholic vote, know that Jack's confrontation by the Houston Protestant ministers (TIME, Sept. 26) helped them with Nixon-minded Northern Catholics—and know that a fall-off of interest in religion will weaken them in the same area. Bobby plans to show a film of Jack Kennedy's session with the Houston clergy in every state.

THE SOUTH. The fact that Lyndon Johnson has not been able to deliver the South as a bloc is a big disappointment, and the situation in Texas, where the LBJ machine is caught between rebellious liberals and suspicious conservatives, is worrisome. Operation Kennedy still expects to carry a nucleus of 20 electoral votes in the Deep South, hopefully upped that ante last week with a request to the Southern Governors' Conference for a minimum of 75.

ECONOMICS. Jack makes the most of spot unemployment and local hard times, but so far has carefully not shouted "recession." Though a stock market drop may inspire Republican jitters, the Kennedys do not expect that anything can happen before November to give them a hot economic issue.

Third Phase. Between them, Jack and Bobby have worked out an elaborate, three-phase program for the campaign, unwritten but completely understood, and last weekend Bobby called his high command together in Hyannisport to bring it up to date. The first phase, the time of preparation and organization, ended on Labor Day. The second, the period between Labor Day and the World Series, is coming to a close. In the second phase the Kennedys believe, the public has been preoccupied with football and baseball, the new school year and other seasonal interests (including the U.N.), and the

® Gathered round Jack and Bobby from left: Jamie Raskin, Suzy Smith, Top Aide Ted Sorensen, organizer Larry O'Brien, Liaison Man John F. Kennedy, Communications Coordinator Ken O'Donnell, Press Secretary Pierre Salinger.

campaign has been kept at a high level—outlining the issues, establishing the Kennedy stance, getting ready for the final drive.

The countdown phase, beginning next week, will continue down to Election Day, with Jack waging a tough, no-quarter fight (as he expects Nixon to do). In the last, crucial 18 days of the campaign, Kennedy will concentrate on the pivotal states. In preparation, Ted Sorenson, Jack's chief lieutenant, has been poring over a large, black-covered book called the "Nixonpedia," which contains every detail of Dick Nixon's public life, hundreds of past Nixon quotes. Prime television time (as much as \$2,000.00 worth) has been ordered, the last-minute programming has been settled, and the Kennedy brothers are prepared to make it an all-out political Donnybrook.

This week, as his drive for the presidency picked up momentum in the aftermath of the television debate and the mob scenes of Cleveland and Buffalo, Jack Kennedy was ready for the final act. Public interest in the campaign was aroused, despite the distractions of the U.N. and the ballparks. Much would depend on the public's impression of Candidate Kennedy in his last-act campaign appearances and his final TV clashes with Dick Nixon. For Bobby Kennedy the party was nearly over. Nearly every voter would be registered in two weeks. All that remained was the get-out-the-vote drive on Election Day.

POLITICAL NOTES

Odd Man In

In Rhode Island's Democratic primary to choose a successor for retiring patriarchal U.S. Senator Theodore Francis Green, no one figured that Claiborne deBorda Pell, 41, had much of a chance. No one, that is, except Newcomer Claiborne Pell. So while the statehouse pros snickered, and while his opponents—former Governor Dennis Roberts and former U.S. Attorney General J. Howard McGrath—sniped at each other, pipe-smoking Princetonian Pell put together an energetic campaign. Last week, in a state that is 58% Roman Catholic, Episcopalian Pell carried the primary with a wallop: 83,000 votes to Roberts' 45,000 and McGrath's 7,500.

Pell, though running for office for the first time, was born to the political purple. His family, down through the generations, counts five Congressmen and one Rhode Island lieutenant governor. Young Pell himself had put in a tour in the U.S. Foreign Service (Czechoslovakia, Italy) and dabbled in state politics, mostly as a fund raiser. But in this campaign it was his fat checkbook, his patrician manners and his softly spoken determination to get to Washington that counted most. Billboards and statewide TV wrote his name large across the summer. He traveled tirelessly, talking to Rhode Island's immigrant minorities in French, Italian or Portuguese. He promised relief for Rhode Island's failing industries, and he

tied himself firmly to the coattails of Jack Kennedy.

When his family's longtime friend Theodore Green heard of his doubts about beating Republican Nominee Raoul Archambault Jr., 39, former assistant director of the U.S. budget, the old patriarch (93) set Claiborne straight: "Tush, young man, you don't have to worry in this state."

Forever Adlai

In Manhattan's Greenwich Village, a bearded enclave of utopia, the *Village Voice* last week carried this nostalgic room-for-rent ad:

Quiet, attractive, books, chess, kitchen, congenial Stevensonian atmosphere. \$50 monthly. Write Box 641.

ISSUES

Church & State (Contd.)

Time after time, in the debate over his religion, Jack Kennedy has announced that neither bishop nor Pope would tell him what to do as President. Many a Protestant has applauded his forthright words but wanted to hear Kennedy's view of Roman Catholic theology underwritten by an official Catholic spokesman. Last week the Reverend Gustave Weigel, professor of ecclesiology at Maryland's Woodstock College, stepped forward not as an official spokesman but as a distinguished Jesuit theologian to express his views. What emerged from Father Weigel's closely reasoned speech on the church-state relationship is the fact that Jack Kennedy has not been expressing some independent-

minded notions of his own but good Catholic theology.

Father Weigel begins with the premise of two orders, sacred and secular, governed by divine and human law. Each is autonomous in its own sphere. Divine law concerns man's relationship to God, human law his relationship to his fellow beings. The secular order is inferior to but not subject to the sacred. Man lives in both orders simultaneously, and when they conflict, it is commonly agreed that the individual abides by the dictates of his conscience whether he be Protestant, Jew or Catholic. With this basis set, Father Weigel turns to some implied questions by "the thinking Protestant," bluntly posed and candidly answered:

Would a Catholic President be likely to have Mass in the White House? "He knows that this would be displeasing to many of the people in whose name and power he acts."

Would a Catholic statesman be unduly influenced by his confessor? "The confessor's service would be exclusively private, moral and religious. He has no competence in political matters, which belong not to the order of morality and piety but to the order of law."

Would the Pope interfere with a Catholic President? "The Pope does not meddle with the political activity of Adenauer or De Gaulle, nor would either man permit it. The Catholic President's comportment with the clergy of his church would be exactly like the comportment of a Protestant President with the clergy of his church."

What about lands where the church is established by law? "It may be that such laws are good laws for those communities, maybe not. The American Catholic is not concerned. He only knows that the American law of religious freedom for all citizens is excellent law for his land."

Would a Catholic majority seek to restrict the religious rights of others? "Officially and really American Catholics do not want now or in the future a law which would make Catholicism the favored religion of this land. They do not want the religious freedom of American non-Catholics to be curtailed in any way. They sincerely want the present First Amendment to be retained and become ever more effective. With a note of desperation, I ask, what more can we say?"



Ben Martin

FATHER WEIGEL
In conflict, the conscience dictates.

FOREIGN NEWS

UNITED NATIONS

The Bad Loser

Whenever men recall the 15th General Assembly of the United Nations in years to come, the image before their mind's eye would be that of Nikita Khrushchev, grinning like a delinquent adolescent as he pounded his desk and shouted. By his own doing, Khrushchev last week engraved himself upon the world's memory as a man indifferent to or contemptuous of civilized restraint and parliamentary procedures, a dictator deluded by the conviction that his vast power frees him from the obligation to show a decent respect for the opinions of mankind.

Khrushchev seemed to suffer from a totalitarian's inability to listen to any point of view but his own. But then, he is not used to sitting quietly in parliamentary bodies where everyone may speak freely in turn. As the week began, U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold, emboldened by the Assembly's 70-50 vote endorsing his policies in the Congo, briefly but eloquently punctured Khrushchev's proposal to abolish the office of Secretary-General in favor of a veto-ridden three-man directorate. Implicitly accusing the Soviets of trying to oust him because he had opposed their attempts to subvert the Congo in defiance of U.N. resolutions, Hammarskjold took up their challenge. Said he: "I would rather see the office of Secretary-General break on strict adherence to the principles of independence, impartiality and objectivity than drift on the basis of compromise."

As the vast majority of delegates in the high-domed Assembly hall broke into applause, Khrushchev, with a mocking leer began to hammer his clenched fist on his green-topped desk. Whirling in surprise, stolid Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko stared at his boss for a second, then hastily assumed a dutiful grim and began to pound away himself.

The Cheerleader. A few hours later Khrushchev resumed his cheerleading at an attraction more to his liking: a 43-hour anti-U.S. farraço by Cuba's Fidel Castro. Castro made the first of several hundred misstatements of fact when he declared royally that "we" will "endeavor to be brief." As he speechified on and on, more than half his audience, notably including India's Jawaharlal Nehru, gradually drifted out of the Assembly. But Khrushchev with grim determination hung on, saluted savage Castro blasts at the U.S. by raising his right arm. Each time he did so, the Communist and Cuban claque in the Assembly, including reporters strategically scattered through the press gallery, set up a wild cheering calculated to convince radio listeners in Havana that Fidel was sweeping the world's assembled statesmen off their feet.

No Conclusions. Khrushchev's overriding purpose last week—if he had one—was to establish himself as the friend and protector of all the uncommitted. His plan

to replace the office of Secretary-General with a three-headed executive composed of one Westerner, one Communist and one neutralist was more than just a scheme to get rid of Dag Hammarskjold and reduce the U.N. to impotence; it was also calculated to appeal to neutralist vanities. So was the disarmament ploy that he unveiled at midweek: an offer to resume the discussions that Russia walked out of last June, provided that the ten-nation Disarmament Committee was expanded by five to include Indonesia, Mexico, Ghana, India and the U.A.R. Outside the Assembly chamber, Khrushchev tirelessly wooed such neutralists as Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito and Ghana's President Nkrumah at a dizzying succession of cocktail parties, dinners and calculatedly casual encounters.

But among the African countries, Khrushchev only raised hackles by his obstinate attempt to act like a spokesman for a group that had already rejected his right to do so. With the exception of Ghana's Nkrumah (who suggested that perhaps the U.N. should have three deputy Secretaries-General), no one showed even faint enthusiasm for the Soviet plan to reorganize Hammarskjold out of a job. Khrushchev's airy claim that he and Tito had "fully" patched up their long-standing quarrel was belied by his own implicit admission that, in fact, they had not come to terms on 1) their deep ideological differences, 2) Khrushchev's plan to get rid of Hammarskjold. And even

Nkrumah, emerging from his third session with Khrushchev in a week, admitted somewhat unhappily that so far their discussion had produced "no conclusions."

Get Cool, Boy. Khrushchev's temper seemed to worsen as the week wore on: he had the air of a man looking for a target. The target appeared in the shape of Britain's urbane Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who flew into New York last week determined, against the advice of his own Foreign Office, to dispense calm and conciliation.* (Just before his departure from London, Macmillan confided to a fellow Tory that his message for Khrushchev was epitomized in a song from *West Side Story*: "Get cool, boy. Got a rocket in your pocket. Take it slow and low. Daddy-O you can live it up and die in bed.")

Macmillan's first major task in New York was an embarrassing one: burying the hatchet with Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser. As Sir Anthony Eden's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Macmillan had been one of the most enthusiastic supporters of Britain's 1956 Suez invasion, which sought to topple Nasser. Now, swallowing his pride, Macmillan made a penitential journey to pay a call on Nasser, posed awkwardly for photographers beside the dictator of the Nile, who grinned.

* Speaking to the home folks from New York, he said he wished that everyone would get back to the pre-summit mood: "It needs a little less of face, if you like."



SPEECHMAKER KHRUSHCHEV
Too many rockets in the pockets.

John Rooney, Associated Press



Associated Press

NEHRU, NKRUMAH, NASSER, SUKARNO & TITO
So many impulses to be synchronized.

Translation, Please. Late in the week, Macmillan rose in the General Assembly to outline his proposal for new technical studies of disarmament problems. His speech was a masterful display of the British parliamentary manner, inflicting heavy damage on an opponent in the kindest possible manner. While Khrushchev scowled, Macmillan paid tribute to Dag Hammarskjold, then proceeded to deplore on behalf of "the peoples of the world" the collapse of the Paris summit last May. At that, Khrushchev slammed his fist on the table, shot his right arm into the air and bellowed rauously: "You send your planes over our country. You are guilty of aggression."

Spinning in their seats, scores of delegates, including India's Nehru, stared at Khrushchev incredulously. Unruffled, Macmillan went on to gibe at Soviet talk of colonialism in Africa. Where are the representatives of Britain's former colonies? he asked. "Here, here, here and here!"—pointing around the big semicircle where sat the delegates of India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Ghana, Malaya. "The Soviet authorities would do better to explain why they have consistently denied the right of self-determination to the people of East Germany," Khrushchev glowered. Macmillan went on to lay the blame for the failure of past disarmament negotiations on Moscow's refusal to accept workable controls. Khrushchev's roar rang through the chamber. "You accept our disarmament proposals," he shouted, "and we will accept any form of controls."

Still shouting, Khrushchev bounced to his feet and waved his stubby fist in Macmillan's direction until he was gaveled into silence by Assembly President Boland. As the boss of all the Russians slumped back into his chair, Macmillan remarked: "I should like that to be translated if he wants to say anything." A wave of nervous laughter swept the Assembly, and when Macmillan at last finished, he got more applause than any speaker since the opening of the Assembly session.

The Uses of Thunder. But though they sympathized with Macmillan, some of the

neutralists were distressed by the cold-war thunder his speech evoked from Khrushchev. In shrewd awareness of this effect, Khrushchev continued to denigrate Britain's Prime Minister. Chatting with newsmen as he awaited Macmillan's arrival for a private conference with him Khrushchev, with deliberate offensiveness, compared him with a man whose policies Macmillan, as a prewar M.P., had bitterly opposed—Neville Chamberlain. Said Khrushchev: "Chamberlain said he had come to terms with Hitler and there would be no war. Macmillan said he had talked with Adenauer and there would be no war." Face to face with Macmillan in a two-hour talk, Khrushchev was more courteous—but so intransigent that Macmillan canceled plans to return to London in favor of a weekend strategy conference with Dwight Eisenhower.

With the titans staring each other down, the neutralists seized their chance to be helpful. Most of their ideas seemed to be aimed at appeasing Khrushchev in order to display their even-handedness between East and West. With the support of some African delegates embittered by alleged rude treatment at the hands of New York waiters and cab drivers, Indonesia's show-boating President Sukarno told the Assembly that he favored Khrushchev's proposal to move U.N. headquarters away from New York to an "uncommitted nation." At week's end, Tito summoned all the top neutralists to a "neutralist" summit meeting at the Yugoslav U.N. mission—Sukarno, Nehru, Nkrumah and Nasser. After three hours' talk, they agreed on a General Assembly resolution urging a meeting between Khrushchev and President Eisenhower.

Once More the Gavel. This was the best break Khrushchev had got all week. A meeting with Dwight Eisenhower, without any Khrushchev concessions or apologies in advance, would be a Soviet diplomatic victory. Apparently encouraged, Khrushchev decided to thunder some more. He turned up at the U.N., got the floor, seizing on a Nepalese motion calling for full Assembly debate on the ques-

tion of Red China's admission to the U.N.

Padding up to the rostrum, Khrushchev began with a deceptively calm appeal to the neutralists. Said he: "There cannot be any disarmament without China. There cannot be any normal work of the United Nations without China." Then, as the spirit moved him, he embarked on a wholesale denunciation of the West and all its works. While the usually impassive Dag Hammarskjold smiled down from his seat a few feet above the rostrum, Khrushchev flailed the air with a clenched fist and shouted that Hammarskjold was "a creature of the imperialists." A few moments later, in a lightning transition, he labeled Spain's Generalissimo Francisco Franco "the hangman of the Spanish people."

Spanish Delegate Jose Felix de Lequerica sprang shouting to his feet, treating Khrushchev to a taste of the same medicine he had administered to Macmillan. Furiously Khrushchev babbled on, ignoring both Lequerica and the gaveling of Assembly President Boland, until at last he noticed that his microphone had been turned off and translation of his speech discontinued. To Boland's gentle reminder that it was out of order to make personal attacks on another chief of state, Khrushchev snarled: "What would happen to the U.N. if you do not admit China and if we were to go away from the U.N.—we, the socialist countries—and if we were to organize our own U.N. . . . This is what would be the burying ground of the U.N.—its tomb. There would be no more U.N., but only blocs of states that are at war with each other. We do not wish that."

For a few moments more, pudgy Nikita Khrushchev ranted on. Then he stalked out of the Assembly, answering the applause of the Communist claque by applauding himself as he went. Behind him, he left the dazed Assembly to adjourn for the weekend.

More and more, Khrushchev sounded like a man who had lost his strategic bearings and was striking out indiscriminately at targets of opportunity in the vague hope that, sooner or later, he might strike a vital spot.

The Peacemongers

The United Nations last week had the air of a college campus during the fraternity rushing season. The neutralist leaders were wined and dined by East and West, flattered with offers of financial aid, wooed with the promise of technicians, state visits and cultural exchanges. When Dwight Eisenhower presided in the Presidential Suite at the Waldorf Tower, his guests included Cabinet ministers from such countries as Nepal, Afghanistan, Lebanon and Ethiopia. When tiny Togo gave a cocktail party at the Plaza Hotel, who should pop in but pudgy Nikita Khrushchev, all smiles. Both dazed and gratified, Togo's Premier Sylvanus Olympio offered the understatement of the week by observing that Khrushchev is a "very calm man" to whom "you can say anything at all and he will not be angry."

When not being courted by East and West, the uncommitted nations were busily courting one another. In the minds of the self-appointed neutralist leaders rose visions of a new power bloc made up of some 40 to 50 nations which by their votes and moral influence, could bring peace to a naughty world.

Fast Leap. Handsome Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, neutralism's only avowed Communist, walked in and out of conferences and intimate tête-à-têtes. His quarrel with Khrushchev, dating back to 1958, was temporarily dissolved again in a succession of handshakes and a long confabulation behind the grillwork doors of the Soviet Union's Park Avenue mansion.⁹ Old Partisan Fighter Tito was himself living in capitalist splendor on Fifth Avenue, and spent his free time strolling in Central Park or watching the night glitter of Manhattan from the Rainbow Room, 64 stories above Rockefeller Plaza. Not confined like Khrushchev to Manhattan, he motored up to Hyde Park to visit Franklin Roosevelt's grave. Tito even maintained his aplomb after stumbling down a flight of marble stairs while hurrying to welcome Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan. Leaping to his feet, the 68-year-old Tito cried jovially: "I fell so fast and got up so fast, you photographers had no time to take a picture."

Best of Both. Equally nimble, Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah raced around Manhattan shaking black hands and white hands at every opportunity. Casting himself in the role of mother hen to the 15 newly emerged African states, U.S.-educated Nkrumah strode from his suite in the Waldorf-Astoria alternately dressed in Western business suits and Ghanaian ceremonial robes, and seemed to promise to fellow Africans the best of both worlds. Nkrumah assiduously promoted his view that erratic Patrice Lumumba should be restored to power as Premier of the chaotic Congo, and warned newsmen that anything which damaged the prestige or authority of Lumumba's nonexistent gov-

ernment would "undermine the whole basis of democracy in Africa."

Gamal Abdel Nasser, President of the United Arab Republic, appeared the most relaxed of the neutralist bosses. Though he has proved unable to rally even the Arab world to his flamboyant standard, Nasser has let it be known that he is waiting to accept leadership of the new Africa. But for the moment, he seemed content to watch how the other fellows were going about it. From a rented, four-acre estate in Sands Point, L.I., Nasser motored into town or called on Nikita Khrushchev at nearby Glen Cove or paused at the U.A.R.'s Tudor mansion on Park Avenue to accept the homage of two representatives from the other Arab states. Unquestionably a man of great presence, he

cerned about Red China than in preserving the past purity of his neutralism.

Joined by the late-arriving President Sukarno of Indonesia, Tito, Nehru, Nkrumah and Nasser met at Yugoslav headquarters to synchronize their divergent impulses. After three hours of talks, the only agreement they could reach was on a resolution that was offered next day to the General Assembly by Sukarno. Striding to the podium accompanied by a befreighted and bebraided military aide, who reverently accepted each page as his master finished it, Sukarno submitted the appeal from neutralism's Big Five for a new and immediate meeting between Khrushchev and Eisenhower. "The opportunity may not come again," cried Sukarno. "Grap it, then, hold it tight, use it!"

The Busy Five clearly hoped that all other uncommitted nations would follow their lead. The countries just emerged from colonialism however, are not eager to surrender a shred of their new sovereignty to anyone—for that reason, they have given steady support to Hammarskjöld and the U.N. And there was some question how much the Big Five could subordinate their egos to one another. Nasser and Nkrumah may each dream of becoming the messiah of Africa; Nehru may strike the attitudes of a man professing to be the world's conscience; Tito and Sukarno, each in his own way, may wish to be a bridge between Karl Marx and Adam Smith—but these separate ambitions give little indication of coming to pass. The basic determination of the new uncommitted nations is not to join any blocs, even a neutralist bloc.

CONGO

The Hand of Kwame


ARTHUR RICKERBY—PRES
HAMMARSKJÖLD & AFRICAN ADMIRERS
The new champion.

beamed conspicuously from every group photograph in which he appeared, and seemed to be enjoying his brief fling as a conciliatory diplomat instead of thundering dictator.

First in Field. India's Jawaharlal Nehru, who not so long ago had the field of neutralism all to himself, arrived late and stepped from his plane with the air of a man wondering why he has come at all. But as soon as he was established in Manhattan's fashionable Carlyle Hotel, a favorite residence of ex-President Harry Truman, Nehru began making his familiar mediating rounds and accepted the courtship of the others as his proper due. In a single day, Nehru breakfasted with Nkrumah, lunched with Macmillan, dined with Khrushchev and, in between, conferred separately with Egypt's Nasser, President Eisenhower, and U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld who had been adopted almost overnight by all the new African nations as their particular hope and champion. Privately, Nehru seemed more con-

The Russians and the Czechs were gone, and Patrice Lumumba's Red-lining advisers had been sent packing, but now a new foreign force was at work in the confused Congo. It was that of Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, whose fervent hope is to rally an entire continent behind his Pan-African banner.

One of the young commissioners appointed by Colonel Joseph Mobutu made public a secret letter Nkrumah had written to Premier Patrice Lumumba three weeks ago. Nkrumah addressed Lumumba as "my brother," gave him detailed instructions on how to circumvent his Cabinet, urged him: "Don't make an issue of Kasavubu's treachery now. The time will come. You must not push out the United Nations until you have consolidated your position." Concluded Nkrumah: "When in doubt consult me . . . We know how to handle imperialists and colonialists."*

Taking the Advice. Nkrumah's agent on the spot was Ghana's chargé d'affaires, Nathaniel A. Welbeck, an old Nkrumah

* The familiar Communist rule of thumb is that when Tito is in favor, Mao is not, and vice versa.

* Colonel Mobutu at week's end told of finding another secret correspondence, this one between Lumumba's Deputy Premier Antoine Gizenga and Red China. Gizenga asked for money and men, was promised \$2,500,000, but told that the Congo was too far away to fly in Chinese "volunteers."

party crony and seasoned street-corner political agitator. While Lumumba stayed in the Premier's residence, Welbeck took over the task of issuing wild accusations against the U.N., the U.S., France, and miscellaneous other "imperialists." After Lumumba ventured out briefly for a half-hour tour of the city to test his popular support (few recognized him), Welbeck was at his elbow at the inevitable press conference on the Premier's lawn. Becoming impatient, Welbeck interrupted Lumumba to announce that despite the sabotage of "certain individuals in the United Nations," he was arranging a reconciliation between Lumumba and President Kasavubu. As for Colonel Mobutu, Welbeck declared, "he has seen that he was misguided and will now follow the right path."

Black Colonization. But Welbeck had gone too far. President Kasavubu announced bluntly that Welbeck was a liar ("Lumumba was fired and he stays fired!"), and the enraged Colonel Mobutu replied with a demand that all Ghanaian troops in the U.N. force get out of the Congo and take their Guinean friends with them. From now on, Kasavubu added in a pointed reference to Lumumba: all foreigners should deal only with the new 28-man High Commission. Mobutu had installed as temporary rulers of the Congo, The High Commissioners themselves called a press conference to criticize Nkrumah's efforts to steer Lumumba: "We denounce colonization of African countries by Africans!" shouted one Commissioner.

Amid the mess, the U.N. sat by, keeping the peace but numbly neutral, wistfully wishing someone could get government together. "It is hoped that before it is too late the political leadership will make its choice, both wisely and well," said Rajeshwar Dayal, U.N. chief in the Congo, in a formal report. Added Sture Linner, Swedish head of the U.N.'s nonmilitary Congo work: "The situation is getting more and more alarming. We are facing a panorama of disaster." Appeals for economic help stream in from the provinces, but no one in Léopoldville can be found to sign the necessary papers; a list of Congolese students approved by the U.N. for study in European medical schools gathered dust because the authorizing office was empty.

NIGERIA

The Free Giant

In sweltering Lagos one night last week, throngs surged toward the gaily decorated race track, where bands played and dancers swayed. Precisely at midnight, a mighty roar went up as a green-white-green flag was hauled aloft to replace the Union Jack. With that, Nigeria, Africa's most populous nation (36 million), became independent and took its place in the councils of the world. Solemnly, 40,000 voices rose in the new official anthem: "Nigeria we hail thee, Our own dear native land, Though tribe and tongue may differ, In brotherhood we stand."

Matter of Persuasion. Brotherhood is perhaps too strong a term yet in a land made up of 250 bickering tribal groups speaking as many languages, with little in common but mutual suspicion and jealousy. But it is an achievement in itself that a unified Nigeria is getting its independence and seems ready for it. Only a decade ago, a rising young politician from the north named Abubakar Tafawa Balewa was threatening a Moslem holy war against the southerners rather than join them in one independent nation. "There is no basis for Nigerian unity," he sniffed. "It is only a British intention for our country."

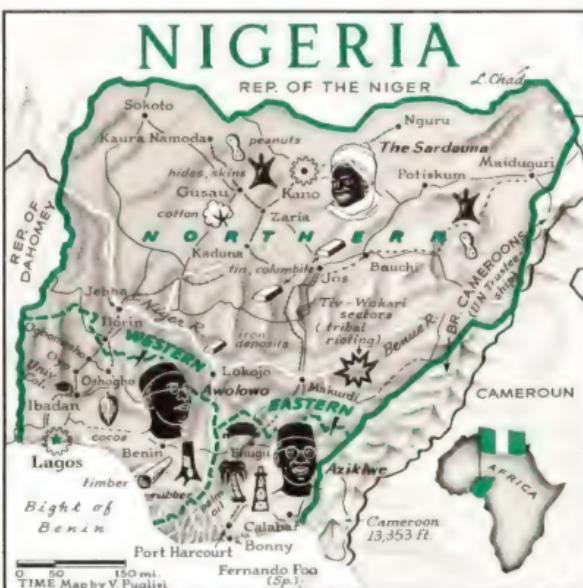
Today, Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, O.B.E., K.B.E., is federal Nigeria's first Prime Minister, who now says, "There is no threat to unity at all. We solved that problem a long time ago." His words are echoed by every important politician, giving the lie to the theory that backward African nations inevitably must suffer the chaos of a Congo when the blacks take over.

The British began training the Nigerians in local self-government almost as soon as they pulled the scattered, warring millions into one big (339,169 sq. mi.) colony called Nigeria in 1914. As far back as 15 years ago, Nigerians were admitted to the Governor's Cabinet. As a result of their wise stewardship, Britain has won a fervent friend and a loyal new partner for the Commonwealth. Last week thousands cheered vivacious Princess Alexandra, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, as she flew in from London to represent the

royal family at the celebrations. Even that old nationalist warhorse, Dr. Nnamdi ("Zik") Azikiwe, 55, who cursed Britain for years in his personal campaign for Nigerian independence, proclaimed that "we give credit to Britain for an imperishable legacy of the rule of law and legacy of respect for human dignity and freedom." U.S.-educated Zik, of all people, is to be the Queen's personal representative as the nation's first Nigerian Governor General.

Poison Oil & Slaves. A steaming chunk of West Africa, Nigeria's topography ranges from mangrove thickets, lagoons and rain forests in the south to lofty plateaus and arid plains in the north. Leader of the north's Moslems is proud, turbaned Sir Ahmadu Bello, whose religious title is the Sardauna of Sokoto. Eight years ago the Sardauna sent able Abubakar to Lagos as his agent because the Sardauna himself felt he had more important things to do at home among the Hausa and Fulani tribesmen. Only its huge (18 million) population and sprawling area (three-fourths of the country) provide the relatively backward north with its titular balance of power in Nigeria's loose federation over the two big tribes of the more advanced south, the solid Yoruba town dwellers of the Western Region and the flamboyant, aggressive Ibo in the rural east, who encountered the civilizing influence of Europe at an early date.

First the Portuguese, then the Dutch, Danes and British moved in to start the scramble for pepper, ivory, palm oil and





London Daily Express

NIGERIA'S SIR ABUBAKAR & BRITAIN'S PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
"Though tribe and tongue may differ, in brotherhood we stand."

slaves. It was the British who remained, represented by ship captains, merchants and the "palm-oil ruffians," who trudged upcountry through swarms of mosquitoes dropping off bags of cowrie shells and cases of cheap gin as payment to local chiefs who agreed to fill metal drums with palm oil and send them floating downstream to the coast. More whites died than lived, and for generations the place was considered uninhabitable for Europeans. The Governor's residence in Lagos, wrote a visitor in 1861, was little more than a "corrugated iron coffin," for at that time the consuls were dying at the rate of one a year.

TV in the Slums. "Our greatest ally was the mosquito, for it kept the white man away," cracks Chief Obafemi Awolowo, Yoruba leader and spokesman for the Western Region in the opposition's front bench in the federal Parliament. Today, only some 14,000 whites live in the entire country, and in such cities as the west's Ibadan (pop. 500,000), with its bright new university just outside the town's sea of tin-roofed shacks, or the north's ancient, fabled Kano (pop. 130,000), a non-Nigerian is seldom seen, although the health perils and discomforts have largely disappeared. In Lagos (pop. 350,000), the federation's coastal capital, even the poor wear bright nylon shirts and drink cold beer at dingy slum dives that boast gleaming refrigerators and blaring radios, while a few miles away, ragged Yoruba villagers live in huts and chop the soil with primitive wooden hoes.

Nigeria is not only the most populous but is on the way to becoming the richest of the new African states. Tarred roads connect all the major towns. Ibadan has the first TV station in Africa; Enugu (pop. 63,000), bustling capital of the Eastern Region, Zik's center of power,

will soon inaugurate a TV station of its own, and a new university nearby is ready for students. Revenue from palm oil and kernels, cocoa and peanuts already has boosted exports to \$460 million a year; to reduce the overwhelming dependence on agriculture, Sir Abubakar's men hope to develop iron ore, lead and zinc deposits, even talk of building a steel mill to supply West Africa's needs. Oil already pours out of Shell's wells along the Niger River delta, and the flow of Nigerian crude may reach 500,000 bbl. a day by 1970.

Checks & Balances. Unlike the Congo, where no trained specialists of any kind exist, Nigeria starts with 532 practicing doctors, 644 lawyers, 60 graduate engineers, accountants and surveyors, and thousands of Nigerian civil servants who have been on the job for years. Many Britons will remain to help, either on permanent salary status or special contracts. Snags are bound to persist; corruption, for example, is widespread and even semirespectable among Nigerians who for years have been accustomed to giving a "dash" (bribe) in exchange for a favor from tribal chiefs or government officials.

It will be years before tribalism is wiped out. In the midst of the independence gaiety last week, Lagos got grim word that rioting by spear-carrying Tiv tribesmen of the north had led to more than a dozen deaths and scores of injuries. Even in the capital, the regional spirit is far from dead, and much of Zik's loyalty to his eastern Iboes inevitably will remain, just as will Awolowo's to the west, and Abubakar's to the north. But this also has the advantage of discouraging the development of monolithic one-man authoritarianism on the model of Nkrumah's Ghana and Touré's Guinea.

Essentially conservative, Sir Abubakar has little use for men like Ghana's flamboyant Kwame Nkrumah; he has even less for Nkrumah's grandiose hopes of merging many nations into a broad Pan-African association. "You can't expect us to surrender sovereignty we have not yet had time to get used to!" Sir Abubakar laughs, proudly aware that populous Nigeria at the moment of independence automatically became a far greater influence in African affairs than Nkrumah's little Ghana (pop. 5,000,000) can ever hope to be.

Abubakar has developed both prestige and confidence in office, and although he still pays respect to his old boss, the Saraduna, he acts with complete independence on policy matters. Pledged to join no power bloc, Sir Abubakar is clearly anti-Communist, is known to support Dag Hammarskjöld's policy in the Congo. Generally, his sympathies lie with Britain and with the U.S., which he visited in 1955 to study the water flow of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in connection with a planned dam of his own on the Niger. He will make his second U.S. trip this week, leading independent Nigeria's first delegation to the U.N. General Assembly meeting in Manhattan.

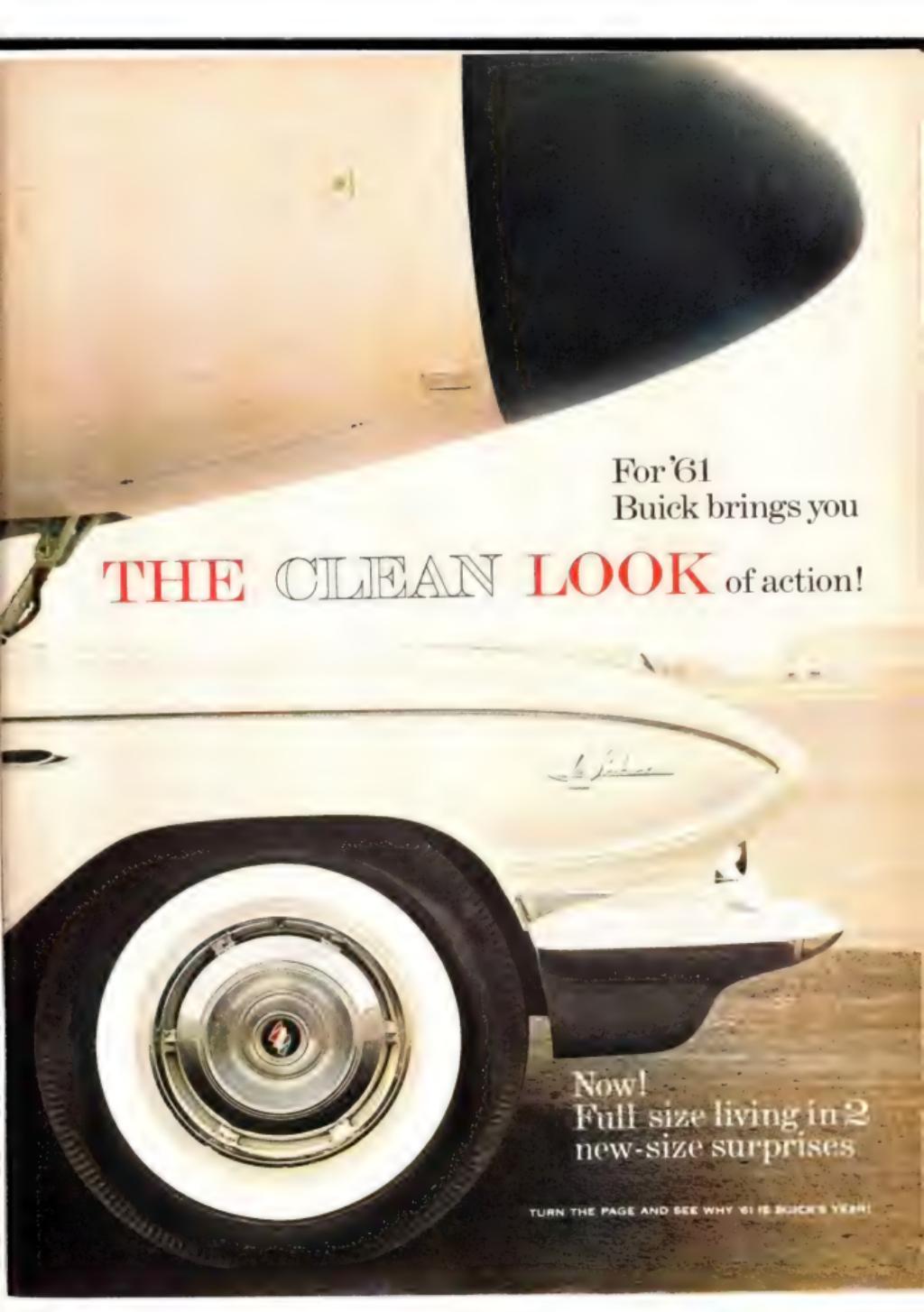
On a crumbling continent in desperate need of reason and stability, free Nigeria, whose population includes one of every six humans in Africa, will provide a much-needed counterbalance to chaos.

FRANCE

Trouble on Mount Olympus

Incredibly irascible about his growing army of critics, France's Charles de Gaulle last week pursued his lonely, proud way. ¶ At long last, Parliament received his blueprint for an all-French atomic striking force, currently known in France as the *force de frappe*. At a cost of \$1.3 billion over five years, De Gaulle's program would provide 50 medium-range bombers, a handful of atomic missiles and an atom-powered sub. The plan's reception was hostile. Members of the finance and defense committees pointed out that such a meager atomic force would cost a lot of money but still not give France parity with the U.S. or the Soviets in the "atomic club." Other critics pointed out that West Germany, by merely cooperating with NATO to create a European atomic striking force, could probably get at no cost Polar missiles equipped with U.S. atomic warheads—and thus free the German economy to give France even bigger economic competition in the Common Market.

¶ Never hesitant about suspending magazines and newspapers that go too far in criticizing his Algerian policies, De Gaulle was even tougher last week on 142 writers, teachers, film stars and journalists (ranging from Leftist Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre to Academy Award-winning Actress Simone Signoret), who signed a petition urging French soldiers to desert rather than take up arms against the Algerian rebels. *Le Grand Charles* decreed

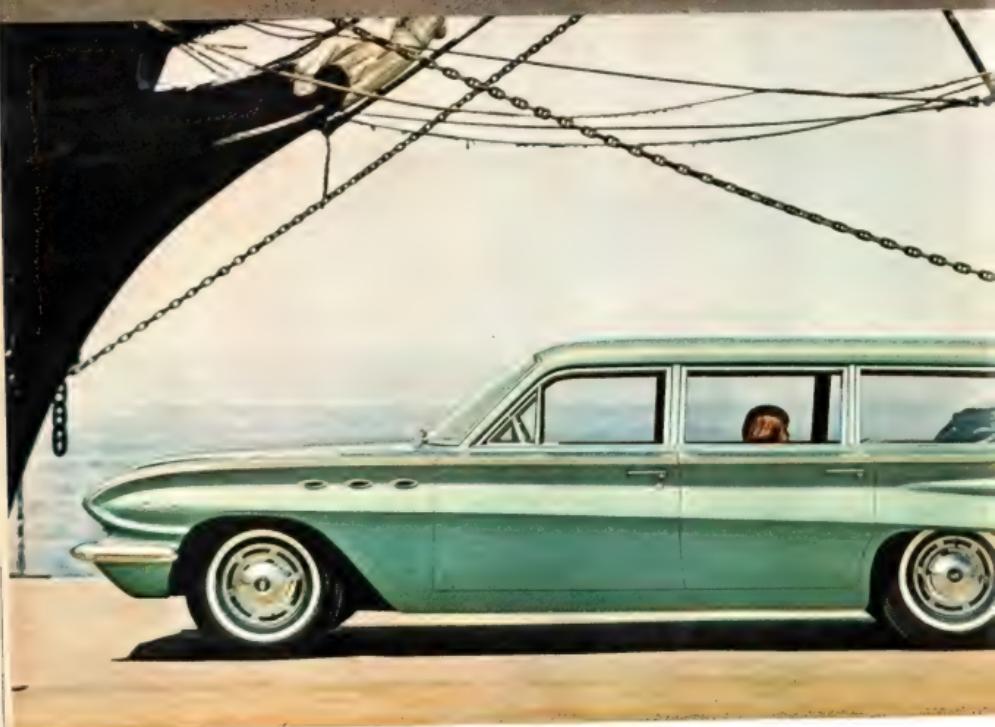


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punishment rare in any country calling itself a democracy. Government employees who signed or support the petition, such as teachers, face suspension at one-third pay; actors and directors were forbidden employment in French radio and television or in state-run or state-subsidized theaters and films. Minister of Culture André Malraux (whose daughter and divorced wife were among the signers) was ordered to draft a bill denying state financial aid to any artist who signed the manifesto.

Commented France's respected newspaper, *Index Quotidien*: "The Fifth Republic seems to have reached the critical stage of disenchantment and trial . . ."

ITALY

The Klaxon Girls

A shapely brunette in sausage-tight skirt stepped from the shadows to the curb as the small Fiat pulled up. "Good evening," she chirped to the leering youth behind the wheel. "Want to come with me?" Just then a cream-colored Lancia sedan eased alongside the Fiat, horn beeping and headlights flicking on and off. Two well-dressed, well-groomed girls smiled invitingly at the young man. "Hello there, want to go for a ride?" crooned one, ignoring the streetwalker. "Then follow us." The Fiat roared after the Lancia, and the streetwalker retreated snarling to the shadows.

Such scenes were being enacted nightly last week around Milan's famed Cathedral Square and in Genoa, Como and Rome. "Klaxon girls," as the Italian press calls them, are the latest product of Italy's industrial boom, and they may revolutionize the peninsula's oldest profession.

The Pickup. Most klaxons, known by such names as Yvette of the Opel, Rossana of the Dauphine, Maria of the Appia, discreetly toot horns and flash headlights to attract the prospect's attention. In a favorite gambit, pairs of klaxon girls pull right alongside male motorists; the one at the wheel keeps the car just abreast, the other casually unbuttons her blouse. Blonde "Insurance Nada," on the other hand, got her name by her habit of gently jostling a male driver's rear bumper, then sidling out to coo that her insurance company will pay damages, if any—and making her proposition.

Klaxon girls, though willing to accommodate pedestrians, prefer motorists—not only because in Italy a car is an assurance of affluence, but also because, as one girl said, "you don't have to take them back where you found them." Large self-employed, the most successful of Milan klaxons take in as much as \$160 nightly, charging about \$20 for a ride to a 45-minute assignation in hotel, pension or apartment. Some, starting with a down payment on a tiny Fiat 600, have worked up to Alfa Romeo's, Lancias and Fords equipped with bar, reclining seats, recorded music and soft lights.

The Lookouts. The klaxon girls are the gaudiest example of an upsurge of prostitution that has occurred since a law

sponsored by Socialist Angelina Merlin banned state-supervised brothels in 1958 (Merlin advocates insist it is only coincidence). But last week the Health Ministry reported that cases of syphilis registered in state clinics have doubled since 1957, and Rome's *Il Tempo* charged that "the number of prostitutes has shown a marked increase." Since the Merlin law reforms, prostitutes can be jailed in Italy only when caught in the act. To guard against this misfortune, the klaxon girls have begun mounting lookouts on Lam-

West Germany has piled up a favorable balance of payments of \$1.3 billion and now has more than \$6 billion in gold or gold equivalent. Instead of stashing away such "unnecessary reserves," said IMF Managing Director Per Jacobson of Sweden, West Germany ought to be undertaking an imaginative capital export program.

U.S. Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon joined in: "The eyes of the struggling people of the newly developing countries are upon us. They are looking in



KLAXON GIRLS AT WORK IN MILAN'S CATHEDRAL SQUARE
On the open road, the unbuttoned blouse.

brettas. Last week Milan's cops nabbed one such Paul Revere whose duty was to ride ahead of the morals-squad patrol car, warning the freewheeling hustlers that the bluecoats were coming.

ECONOMICS Give a Hand, Here

Since World War II, the U.S. has poured out \$75.6 billion in grants and long-term credit. As their economies revived, the gold and foreign currency reserves of Western Europe and Japan combined rose from \$8 billion to \$24 billion—while the U.S.A.'s once huge surplus of gold reserves melted away.

Last week, in the bluntest language yet employed in public, the U.S. told its economic partners that the time has come when they have got to take on their share of helping other nations, above all the newly independent countries, where continued political independence depends on economic stability and growth. The U.S. spoke out in Washington at the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, the two agencies that together comprise the board of trustees for the capitalist system.

Eyes on Germany. Chief target of U.S. criticism—and everybody else's—was West Germany. For the past three years

particular to the leading creditor countries especially in continental Western Europe.* for an effort more in line with their capacities. For the safety and progress of the free world we must see to it that their hopes in this regard are met."

A new organization called the International Development Association (IDA) got under way last week and immediately ran into the familiar experience of seeing other nations avert their gaze when the plate was passed. Conceived as a soft-currency adjunct to the World Bank, in which underdeveloped nations may borrow dollars and other hard currencies but can repay in a variety of nonconvertible currencies such as rupees or drachmas, IDA originally was to start with \$1 billion in capital. Though the U.S. dutifully subscribed its promised one-third—\$320 million—in full, other nations fell short, and IDA last week began with a capital of only \$686 million.

Oops, Sorry. At week's end the plain talk seemed to be getting home—a little bit. West German Vice Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, speaking in German, said defensively that his country had been forced to deal first with the rebuilding of its war-

* Other examples of gold and dollar hoarders Dillon presumably had in mind: Italy, The Netherlands, Sweden, Austria and Japan.

the SOUND of GENIUS



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shattered economy. "Not until this task has been successfully accomplished," said the official translation of his speech, could Germany think of any "moral" obligations to others. World War II ended 14 years ago and the German economic miracle has happened since. Four hours later the uproar in the back rooms had reached such a pitch that the German delegation hustled out a new translation; the interpreter had made an error. Actually, said the Germans, Erhard had said: "It is only now, after this task has been successfully accomplished, that the German economy can undertake in larger measure to cooperate energetically in the extensive work of development aid." It wasn't much of a promise, but it at least showed a proper sheepishness.

LAOS

Time to Reconcile

In a mildewed villa in Laos' capital city of Vientiane sits a bland, tired-eyed Premier named Prince Souvanna Phouma. He says his neutralist government wants to make peace with everybody, including the Communists. He has the support of two crack paratroop battalions, one of them under command of Captain Kong Le, whose coup last August brought Souvanna Phouma to power.

Down in the south is the country's top soldier, General Phoumi Nosavan, 40, who does not like Communists and says that the prince in Vientiane cannot tell a Red from a banyan tree. Several leaders of Laos' 28,000-man army—armed, trained and paid by U.S. aid—support Phoumi's right-wing rebellion. Also working for the general is the fact that he has had help from Marshal Sarit, strongman of the neighboring kingdom of Thailand, whom he calls uncle (actually, he is a first cousin once removed). Vientiane gets all its fuel and most of its food from Thailand, and Sarit has in effect imposed a blockade simply by closing the border across the Mekong River from Vientiane.

Up in the north and behind quite a few trees lurk the guerrillas of Pathet Lao, the military arm of the Laotian Communist Party. Pathet Lao bands are armed, trained and directed by Communist North Vietnam, but their official leader is Prince Souphanouvong, the Prince's half brother.

Test for the Right. Last week the SEATO powers led by the U.S. were trying to end this three-way war by bringing pressure to reconcile Premier Souvanna and General Phoumi. Their argument: the only side winning in the fight is the Communist Pathet Lao. At first Phoumi proved stubborn, ignoring four telegrams from the King asking him to meet with the Premier's military representatives at the royal palace in Luangprabang. But the new month was approaching, bringing pay day for his troops, and U.S. aid, which normally covers the army's wages, goes only to the legal government, i.e., Premier Souvanna.

Furthermore, Phoumi's troops had disastrously flunked their first real military

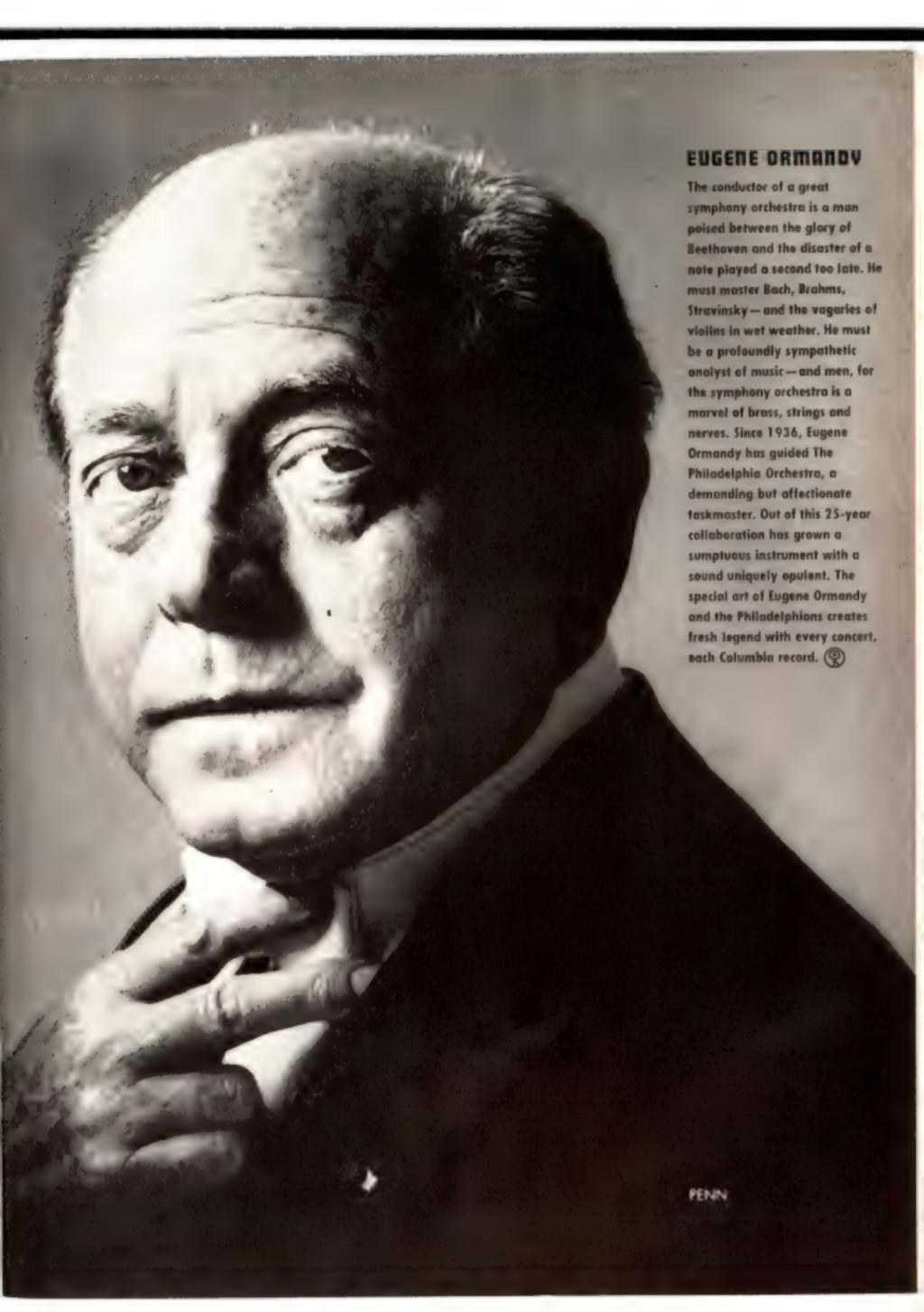


PREMIER SOUVANNA
Toward peace by pieces.

test. Some 1,200 strong, they moved through the river town of Paksane toward Vientiane, boasting that they would dine in the capital that evening. But then they encountered about 200 of Captain Kong Le's paratroopers on a muddy road. Phoumi's men fled, leaving weapons, ammunition and trucks. Last week General Phoumi meekly flew to Luangprabang, accepted a cease-fire, and began negotiations to get some of his own men into the Cabinet.

Drift to the Left. At week's end Premier Souvanna announced that a garrison of Phoumi's men at Samneua had fallen to the Pathet Lao. Not so, said Captain Kong Le. His own men, aided by





EUGENE ORMANDY

The conductor of a great symphony orchestra is a man poised between the glory of Beethoven and the disaster of a note played a second too late. He must master Bach, Brahms, Stravinsky — and the vagaries of violins in wet weather. He must be a profoundly sympathetic enologist of music — and men, for the symphony orchestra is a marvel of brass, strings and nerves. Since 1936, Eugene Ormandy has guided The Philadelphia Orchestra, a demanding but affectionate taskmaster. Out of this 25-year collaboration has grown a sumptuous instrument with a sound uniquely opulent. The special art of Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphians creates fresh legend with every concert, each Columbia record. (C)



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Pathet Lao and local villagers, had taken Samneua. "I don't care about the ceasefire," added Kong Le, who apparently commands the only really effective fighting force in all Laos, and likes to see things done his way. "We will keep fighting until all the Phoumi men surrender."

Looking very harassed, Premier Souvanna replied that the captain "has no say in military decisions." At week's end the U.S. suspended military aid to Laos, because, said General Williston B. Palmer, director of military assistance, "the situation is so confused we have not been sure who is responsible for anything."



European

TURKEY'S EX-PRESIDENT BAYAR
Trying to escape the expected.

TURKEY

No Exit

Among all the leaders of the Turkish regime overthrown by last May's military revolution, the toughest was President Celal Bayar, 77, a veteran of the bomb-throwing resistance to the Ottoman tyranny before World War I. He is also the man most Turks consider responsible for inspiring the most onerous of the policies of the old government. Last week, on the eve of the scheduled trial of Turkey's deposed rulers, the old terrorist tried to escape the execution he expects. In the island prison near Istanbul where he is being held along with ex-Premier Adnan Menderes and 328 other Democrats on charges of treason or other misdeeds, Bayar finished breakfast, got permission to take a bath. The guard outside the door heard strangling noises, rushed in to find Bayar slumped in the tub, his belt cinched tight around his neck. The old man was revived. "I was not anxious to be saved," said Bayar weary.

Bayar had tried to commit suicide "to save the family honor," explained a member of the 38-man ruling junta. "He wanted to go down in history other than as a condemned criminal."



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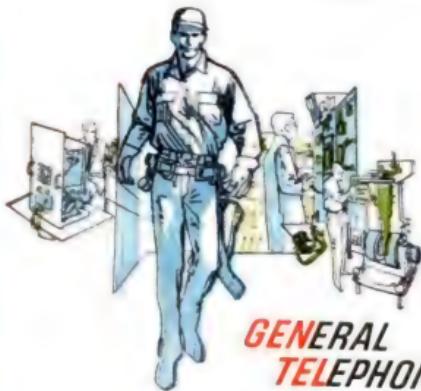
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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Red All the Way

Fidel Castro last week placed his country on the Soviet side. He did it in the most public manner possible: in a speech at the U.N. General Assembly in Manhattan, and in subsequent public utterances.

Castro's four-hour and 26-minute speech, the longest ever delivered before the General Assembly, charged that U.S. "monopolists" turned Cuba into a colony concluded with a Red-eyed view of world problems. He took the Soviet position on disarmament ("We warmly support the Soviet proposal"), on the Congo ("The only leader is Lumumba"), on Red China ("We support seating the true representatives of the Chinese people"). Castro also started to attack U.S. Presidential Candidates Kennedy and Nixon but General Assembly President Patrick Boland asked him to stop, and he did.

Nkrumah's Hail, Nasser's Hug. Delivered from a single page of handwritten notes, the speech made plain that Castro is an exceptionally talented demagogue in his own right. Passages on the ills of colonialism and the consequences of underdevelopment struck home with many Latin American delegates, but Castro's 100% line-up with the Reds hit home even harder. Said Chile's delegation chief, Daniel Schweitzer: "Castro exposed himself in all ways." Among the Latin Americans, only the delegation from Mexico applauded him, with occasional support from Venezuela and Bolivia. But with Khrushchev cuing the applause, pudgy palms pounding high over his head as the signal, Castro got enough cheers even for his mammoth ego. Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah hailed the speech as "dramatic." Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser hugged Castro and invited him to Egypt.

One hour after he finished orating, the Cuban chief passed through the doors to the headquarters of the Czechs, the leading arms dealers in the Soviet bloc, and stayed three hours. Next day he had a 40-minute talk with Nkrumah. Meeting Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka, Castro agreed to exchange ambassadors. He received visits from India's Nehru and from Bulgarian Red Boss Todor Zhivkov, but paid only one call on fellow Latin Americans, attending a Uruguayan reception. Said Cuban Foreign Minister Raul Roa: "Of all the men Dr. Castro met, next to Khrushchev, he felt a bond for Nasser. Nehru is weak. Not Nasser—he really is a man."

Just like Lincoln. At midweek Castro's spear-bearers shouldered Fidel's special refrigerator, two cages of white mice, a bunch of 3-ft-tall stuffed toy animals bought in Manhattan, and prepared for a triumphal return to Cuba, where every TV station had carried the U.N. speech live, via the Straits of Florida over-the-horizon transmission link, which costs \$2,200 hourly. Just before leaving, Castro



GENERAL ASSEMBLY PRESIDENT BOLAND REPRIMANDING CASTRO
"We warmly support the Soviet proposal."

UPI

received a gift package, later opened by the police bomb squad. The contents: ten lbs. of flea powder.

Even the leave-taking turned into a Red rally. Learning that his Cuban Airlines Britannia had been impounded in New York by a U.S. court order,⁶ Castro requested that Khrushchev lend him a Soviet plane. Promptly a Soviet Il-18 turboprop turned up. Beaming, Castro read newsmen another homily: "The U.S. takes away our plane and the Soviets give us a plane. The Soviets are our friends." A newsmen asked if his government was Communist and Castro snorted: "You've got Communism on your mind. Everybody who is not like Chiang Kai-shek or Franco or Adenauer is a Communist for you. We are by the humble people, of the humble people and for the humble people—you know, just like Lincoln. I'm coming back soon," he yelled, and was off.

Bombs at Home. In Havana, Castro went straight to the Presidential Palace for a 2-hour speech. An hour after he started, an oppositionist showing unpreceded derring-do set off a noisy bomb amidst the meeting. Castro laughed it off: "The moment I started talking of imperialism, the bomb exploded." But he announced a police-state innovation, apparently long planned: a neighborhood spy

⁶ In two weeks, writs impounding three planes flown to the U.S. were served on the government-controlled Cuban Airlines. A Miami advertising agency, trying to collect an unpaid \$285,000 bill for tourist advertising, obtained two of the writs; the third was obtained by a Cuban stockholder in Florida, concerned over the Castro government's progressive nationalization of the firm's assets. Actually planes flying to the U.S. on government business are entitled to diplomatic immunity, and the U.S. State Department tried to advise Cuban how to void the writs, but the company ignored the advice.

system set up to "know who lives in each block and what he does." Off went a second bomb and Castro's smile grew wan. "Let us not underestimate the imperialist enemy," he said.

That same night, wandering onto a TV panel show, Castro, 33, called Kennedy, 43, and Nixon, 47, "ignorant, beardless kids." His eleven days in Manhattan had brought the showdown with the U.S. much closer. The U.S. embassy suggested to the 4,000 U.S. citizens still working in Cuba that they would be "prudent" to send home their dependents, and the State Department advised Americans not to visit Cuba.

PARAGUAY

The Lesser Evil

South America's two biggest democracies, Argentina and Brazil, last week were courting South America's last dictator—General Alfredo Stroessner of cattle-raising Paraguay (pop. 1,700,000). In Stroessner's capital of Asuncion, Argentine delegations promised to expedite Paraguay shipping to Argentine ports on the lower Parana River, and planned joint harnessing of a waterfall. Brazil had a military, economic and cultural cooperation drive going. Its Foreign Minister, Horacio Lafer, calls Stroessner's regime "one of peace and progress."

The cordiality was not for love of Stroessner. It came, rather, from 1) the historic tug of influence by Argentina and Brazil over the landlocked neighbor between them, and 2) a hardheaded decision by both against helping Fidel Castro-style rebels seize power in Paraguay.

German-descended Artillery Officer Stroessner, 47, grabbed power in Paraguay six years ago and has ruled since by



AUTHOR JEAN COCTEAU



KARSH BY KARSH
The trick is enthusiasm, followed by agony.



KATHARINE CORNELL

blackjack and gun butt. With his powerful neighbors his policy has been the historic Paraguayan strategy of playing one against the other. At first, Paraguay favored Brazil, but when Argentine Dictator Juan Perón in 1953 offered an "economic integration" treaty, Stroessner (then all-powerful army chief) gave preference to Argentina. Perón was toppled in 1955 (he took exile in Paraguay at first), and Argentina's succeeding revolutionary regime turned on a cold war. Stroessner promptly let himself be lured into Brazil's sphere.

Fast-moving Brazil has since built a bridge across the upper Parana, the border river, at the great Iguazu Falls, thus giving Paraguay its first direct highway route to the Atlantic. It has financed highways inside Paraguay and has given Stroessner free port facilities on the ocean. Brazil's army has trained some of Stroessner's army officers, supplied him with castoff arms and 14 trainers converted to lighter planes that are permitted to fly from Brazilian bases if there is revolution in Paraguay. In turn, Brazilians got from Paraguay a bank branch, a 10-million-acre oil concession, a 75,000-acre coffee plantation that grows a full one-third of Paraguay's crop, plus other valuable concessions.

Until August Argentina, where 230,000 anti-Stroessner exiles live, opposed Paraguay. Violently anti-Peron Argentine army officers armed exiles who in the last two years have repeatedly crossed the river in bloody attempts to topple Stroessner. But two months ago Argentine officers were shown intelligence reports that Cubans and Russians were financing some factions of the 20,000-man Argentine-based exile army. Army Commander General Carlos Toranzo Montero ordered a halt in aid and comfort to them. In an about-face, the Argentine army snatched back guns and planes from guerrillas, and last week Argentina signed a document pledging harmonious relations in border areas.

CANADA A Gallery of Greatness

After a photographer's apprenticeship in Boston, Armenian-born Yousuf Karsh set up his own portrait studio in Ottawa because he yearned to photograph prominent men. Now a courtly 51, Karsh of Ottawa is as renowned as most of his subjects. Last week the Canadian capital paid the world's foremost portrait photographer the unusual compliment of an exhibition at the National Gallery.

The exhibition is Karsh's gallery of greatness—portraits of the 74 statesmen, artists, poets, scientists and philosophers, from the legions he has photographed, whom Karsh considers most qualified by their "concern and love for fellowman. He wonnowed the number from his own wider selection of 96 world leaders in his best-selling (41,000 copies at \$17.50) *Portraits of Greatness*, which was published last winter. Sir Winston Churchill alone still appears twice—in the cele-

brated 1942 defiant portrait that Karsh achieved by audaciously snatching the grumpy Churchill's cigar from his mouth, and in a 1955 elder statesman pose. "Sir Winston is the greatest man in a thousand years," says Karsh.

Photographer Karsh's camera has missed few of the greatest of the past 25 years, and he still files as much as 80,000 miles a year keeping up with the non-Joneses. "I really hate work," he says. "but what keeps a photographer good and modest is his dedication to his work." Last August Karsh was just sitting down for a dinner party of illustrious scientists and educators in his home, near Ottawa, when he received a call from Washington. "There were enough brains in my home to have split an atom. But I had to get my picture." Karsh excused himself, hurried to Washington, where he had appointments to photograph Vice President Nixon and Democratic Presidential Candidate Jack Kennedy. Nixon missed the sitting, but Karsh expects to return to do him within the next fortnight. Since the U.S. conventions, he has also photographed Vice-Presidential Candidates Henry Cabot Lodge and Lyndon Johnson.

My technique is one of pure simplicity," says Karsh. "I generate so much enthusiasm when working that the subject becomes part and parcel of this enthusiasm. Actually it is not that simple. He arms himself with extensive research on the habits, mannerisms and quirks of his subject. "I live in utter agony after I have taken the picture. I know there are so many things I could have done to make it better, but I am exhausted." His fees: \$600 in the U.S., \$200 for Ottawans, \$300 for anyone who comes from elsewhere to Ottawa.

As a portraitist, Karsh readily discusses his favorite portraits—his Helen Keller, Hemingway, and Hammarskjöld, besides the famous Churchill—but declines to nominate his best in the conviction that he has not yet taken it. "Perhaps," he says, "tomorrow."



TIME Map by J. Bonnard

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PEOPLE

Old boxers never fade; they just fade away into legitimate businesses. Last week James Joseph ("Gene") Tunney, 62, world heavyweight champion from 1926 until he retired as an undefeated millionaire in 1928, was elected a director of Alleghany Corp., which is presumably strengthening its corner for a proxy fight with "Texas" hard-swinger Murchison Brothers (TIME, Oct. 3). In another corner, **Rocky Graziano**, 38, middleweight champion of a decade ago, was named president of a Long Island bowling center owned by New York's Acme Missiles & Construction Corp.

Apparently convinced that the French army will keep on trying to make a soldier of Yves Saint-Laurent for his full 27-month stint as a draftee, the House of Dior last week named his replacement as the world's most publicized fashion designer. **Marc Bohan**, 34, in charge of Dior's successful London operation in the past two years. In contrast to Saint-Laurent's extreme, erratic styles, Bohan—first married man and father ever to hold the lofty Dior post—is notable for designing clothes that consistently prove their wearers have bosoms and waists. The job is Bohan's until Saint-Laurent leaves the army, perhaps longer.

After going official rounds in Washington, including a state reception at the White House, Japan's **Crown Prince Akhito** and **Princess Michiko** fell into a vacation mood and headed for Manhattan. From a City Hall welcome, Akhito, a noted ichthyophile, dashed a block away to a commercial aquarium-stock store.

purchased some rare breeds of fish (imported to await his arrival) and arranged for them to be aboard his chartered plane when he flies back to Tokyo this week. It was not on the crown prince's official schedule, but he was anxious to say hello to an old acquaintance, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, who lives in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers, only two floors away from the suite assigned to the royal couple.

Near the French Riviera town of Menton, a photographer approached a pretty sex-hazed celebrity, and asked to take her picture. "Leave me in peace," was the reply, "I'm going to die anyway." A few hours later, **Brigitte Bardot** made an apparently serious—and heavily headlined



Associated Press

SIRIKIT & GUSTAV
Through the palace.

tials: BB, Glory devoured everything private life, peace, human personality—real or imagined.

On their global good-will tour, Thailand's jazz-loving King Bhumibol and his charming Queen Sirikit arrived in Scandinavia, made an instant hit with the populace. A highlight of their visit was an escorted tour of the old theater in Sweden's summer palace in Drottningholm. Their escort: Sweden's King Gustav VI Adolf, whose eyes sparkled a reflection of Sirikit's exotic beauty. In Rome last week Sirikit wowed local newsmen, who all played eulogistic variations on the theme of "the most beautiful Queen in the world." No slouch in winning popularity for himself, Bhumibol got high marks for his jazz musicianship.



BARDOT
Beside the well.

—attempt to die. In the garden of a friend's pink villa, a vineyard keeper found Brigitte unconscious beside a well. In the beam of his flashlight he saw Brigitte "Her eyes were closed, her teeth slightly parted, and her arms were red with blood." It was her 26th birthday—and it ended up in a neurological clinic in Nice, where the diagnosis was barbiturate poisoning, plus slight wrist lacerations, Brigitte's periodically estranged husband, Cinemactor Jacques Charrier, far off on the other side of Southern France, in Biarritz, where he had gone after their latest spat, jumped in a car to drive to her side. At week's end the aging "Sex kitten" of French moviedom was recovering, Paris' deadly serious *Le Monde*, customarily oblivious to BB, accorded her a sort of ghoulish obituary-in-life: "Once upon a time there was a starlet who saw happiness only in glory. She had glory beyond all expectations. Even her name vanished and remained only as two ini-



ASSOCIATED PRESS
MAMIE & MICHIKO
Inside the towers.

Britain's second Earl Lloyd-George of Dwyfor, Richard Lloyd George, 71, inherited the title but little else from his famed father, lusty Welshman **David Lloyd George**, Britain's Liberal Prime Minister in World War I. Richard George ran away from it all at an advanced age, spent a decade in the U.S. as "a good workman doing, I hope, a number of different jobs well." He went home to England in 1958. In London's sporty Sunday *The People*, Dick George (as he was known to his U.S. acquaintances) began telling about father last week in a serialization of a forthcoming biography. His introduction to Papa was enough to stop Big Ben, bells, cogs and counterweights. Gist of it all: the P.M. was just as active in the boudoir as in Parliament. By Richard Lloyd George's count, his sire had 13 mistresses over almost 50 years, and by them had sired four illegitimate children. Observes the son, by the time Lloyd George got around to marrying at 25, he had already acquired "a slightly scandalous reputation as a philanderer."

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THE PRESS

End of a Search

When Kansas-born Eugene C. Pulliam in 1948 added the Indianapolis *News* to his string of newspapers,¹ the *News* lacked an editor. Pulliam did not mind. He sets overall editorial policy anyway—on a bearing somewhat to the right of Warren Gamaliel Harding. Last week, after twelve years, the editor's chair at the *News* finally had a tenant. “I've been looking for years to find a man like him,” chortled Gene Pulliam, 71. “I've combed the whole goddam country. There are lots of good journalists around but they're all cockeyed left-wingers.”

“Unequivocally Conservative.” By no stretch of the imagination can M. Stanton Evans, the *News*'s new editor, be called a cockeyed left-winger. But he may well be the youngest metropolitan-daily editor in the U.S. He is 26, an age at which many journalists are still writing obits or patrolling the police beat. Editor Evans has never written an obituary or chased an ambulance. Gifted and earnest, Stan Evans is a product of Yale ('55, Phi Beta Kappa *magna cum laude*). In college he fell in with a group of students that called itself “The Inter-Collegiate Society of Individualists.” In this company Evans studied the record of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, decided that McCarthy “was in the main correct.”

By the time he had read Sidney Hook, James Burnham and Edmund Burke, he had decided that “to be a conservative today, you have to be a radical.” This conclusion led to a \$350-a-month assist-

ant editorship on the *Freeman* magazine and another job with another right-wing magazine, the *National Review*, put out by his wealthy Yale friend, William (God and Man at Yale) Buckley. “The American tradition,” Evans proclaimed in the *Review*, “is unequivocally conservative.” Evans still serves the *National Review* as a contributing editor.

Inevitably Eugene Pulliam got wind of Evans, and in 1959 invited him out to Indianapolis to be chief editorial writer for the *News*. It was only a short way further to the top.

Closer to Wisdom. As an editor younger than most of his staff—among them Gene Pulliam's son Eugene S., who is 46 and managing editor—Evans plans not to interfere with the news operations. The only change he has ordered so far is to dress up the editorial page with pictures, including a half-column cut of himself. Still a zealous disciple of conservatism, he spends hours poring through its literature in his third-floor walkup apartment just around the corner from the *News*. He attends Roberts Park Methodist Church, devotes his evenings to political ward meetings, public rallies, municipal debates.

At 26 he is as convinced as is Gene Pulliam at 71 that he is on the right track, journalistically as well as otherwise. “I think my philosophy is pretty close to the farmer in Seymour, Ind.,” he says. “He believes in God. He believes in the U.S. He believes in himself. This intuitive position is much closer to wisdom than the tortured theorems of some of our Harvard dons.”

The Measure of Conscience

“When the average Frenchman feels worried about the situation, he buys *Le Monde*,” muses *Le Monde's* Editorial Director Hubert Beuve-Méry. “We have learned to increase the print automatically during periods of worry and uncertainty, and our circulation jumps to 300,000 during times of crisis. It is events such as the accouchement of Brigitte Bardot or Queen Elizabeth which send our competitors' sales soaring. For us it is a political crisis.”

Last week *Le Monde's* sales indicated a period somewhere between uncertainty and crisis. Contained in *Le Monde's* 16 somber pages were reports on worldly woes, from the U.N.² to the Congo. But it was an article near the bottom of Page One that commanded the French citizen's closest attention. Signed by “Sirius,” the piece predicted that unless Charles de Gaulle soon ends the Algerian war, France will plunge back into chaos worse than that from which he rescued it in 1958.

¹ France's Charles de Gaulle is himself a haughty holdout from the Manhattan meeting of world leaders. De Gaulle instead sent over his Foreign Secretary Maurice Couve de Murville, who turned around and flew home before Nasar took the floor to denounce France over Algeria.



“*Le Monde's*” BEUVE-MÉRY
A yearning for revival.

Running the Gamut. That gloomy forecast deserved attention if only because “Sirius” is the nom de plume of Hubert Beuve-Méry—the editor of France's most respected daily. Beuve-Méry, 58, a grave greying man with a permanently skeptical arch to his brow, has modeled *Le Monde* after his own image. Like its editor, *Le Monde* is more conservative than Catholic, more trenchant than traditional, more republican than radical, more pro-French than anti-American, more non-Communist than anti-Communist. At a time when much of the French press ranges from sycophantic toward De Gaulle to uncritical, *Le Monde* has been his most respectable—and most persistent—critic. No one knows better than Beuve-Méry how difficult it is for the foreigner to classify *Le Monde*. “We have,” he says, “run through the whole gamut of American adjectives—leftist, independent, authoritative, highly respected.” It has been all these. And in its day it has taken many unpopular stands, and some odd ones.

Le Monde's circulation, ranging from 215,000 to a crisis-created 300,000, ranks it only sixth among Paris' dailies. As a dutiful recorder of history, *Le Monde* prints the full texts of so many speeches and diplomatic exchanges that admirers compare it to the *New York Times*. *Le Monde* makes few concessions to the average reader. Says Beuve-Méry: “It has a stern aspect—no photographs, no cartoons no short stories.”

In this very refusal to kowtow to popular taste lies one strength of *Le Monde*—and of Editor Beuve-Méry. The son of a Paris jeweler Beuve-Méry earned a doctorate of law, went to Prague in 1928 where he became a correspondent for a big Paris paper, *Le Temps*. The experience was shaking. Beuve-Méry discovered that the news columns of *Le Temps*, like those of many another prewar French daily, were for hire. After the appersement of

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Hitler at Munich, which *Le Temps* applauded, Beuve-Méry quit the paper in disgust, returned from Prague to Paris and later joined the Resistance.

When Paris was liberated in 1944, Charles de Gaulle, then President of the French Provisional Government, assigned Beuve-Méry to start a new daily on the ashes (and the presses) of the by-then defunct *Le Temps*. The result was *Le Monde*, which had the same grey look, but this time an honest face. The result was something more than De Gaulle anticipated. "De Gaulle told me I had to do something big with this newspaper," recalls Beuve-Méry. "With De Gaulle, everything has to be big. I wanted *Le Monde* to be completely independent, economically, politically and morally. When I met De Gaulle 18 months ago, I told him I was afraid that I had made something big out of *Le Monde* even beyond his expectations."

Toward the Revolution, Proclaiming a creed of "revolution by law," *Le Monde* and Beuve-Méry set a course for a confused, heartsick and frustrated France. Beuve-Méry was a real count-me-out Frenchman, with the Gallic antipathy to international movements. *Le Monde* opposed the European Defense Community and NATO and, of course, German rearmament. Many readers, admirers of excellent reporting, found its editorial policy eccentric, though conceding the courage of its convictions. During the interminable procession of Fourth Republic Premiers, *Le Monde* welcomed each newcomer warily but, with a single exception, Mendès-France, turned critical of them all. With De Gaulle's return to power in 1958, *Le Monde*, while grudgingly admitting the necessity of a strong hand at the helm, deplored the unconstitutionality of his methods. *Le Monde* was among the first courageously to publish authenticated reports of French army atrocities in Algeria needles the government so unmercifully on the subject of the Algerian war that the paper has been seized in Algeria eleven times so far this year (it has never been banned in Paris itself). Says Beuve-Méry: "They do not dare." Some months ago De Gaulle met Beuve-Méry at a social affair in state. "You and your articles," he said, "you are like Mephistopheles." Then, in faultless German, De Gaulle quoted the passage from Goethe's *Faust* in which the Devil says: "I am the spirit which always denies." Replied Beuve-Méry: "But I do not always say no."

In that exchange may be found one distinction between De Gaulle and *Le Monde*'s Beuve-Méry, proud men who are in many ways much alike. Both grieved for France's prewar decline, both yearn to revive the national spirit. But having attended the burial of the Fourth Republic—"enclosed by a past which can no longer be sustained"—Beuve-Méry is unwilling to return to an even more distant past, however glorious. And until it sees the achievement of its revolution by law, *Le Monde* is likely to remain the nagging voice of an individualist French national conscience.



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EDUCATION

New Look at M.I.T.

Today's civil engineer can build a bridge, but what else can he do? In an age when technological breakthroughs occur almost overnight, many U.S. educators fear that engineering courses have become so specialized and formula-bound that they contain the seeds of their own obsolescence. Last week Massachusetts Institute of Technology announced that it is revamping its civil engineering curriculum to roll with the future.

It is not enough, says M.I.T.'s Dean of Engineering Gordon S. Brown, to try to match technological advances by adding a new course here, another there: "This produces a hodgepodge, a Christmas tree that you keep adding lights to, never quite being able to keep pace with the changes that are taking place all the time."

M.I.T.'s new plan is a systems approach, which is spreading throughout its engineering departments in a \$6,275,000 overhaul financed by the Ford Foundation. On the premise that specialized skills can be learned on the job after graduation, M.I.T.'s civil engineering students will take courses in modern physics, thermodynamics, electrical engineering, statistical theory, operations research and computer development. They will also study social and political factors that influence engineering applications. Says M.I.T.'s Dr. John Wilbur: "All the structures, ground facilities and processes that adapt and control environment are the concern of the civil engineer."

Last week M.I.T.'s Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics was missing one of its wind tunnels. Materials-testing machines have disappeared from the Department of Mechanical Engineering. Explains M.I.T.'s President Julius A. Stratton: "The use of big commercial equipment suitable for stereotyped experiments is yielding to more imaginative approaches in which students are given an opportunity to undertake projects of their choice, and to benefit by a kind of internship under the guidance of a faculty member."

How to Teach Biology

Room 455 at Hoover High School in Glendale, Calif., contains a red-tailed hawk that eats horsemeat, a sinister 8-ft. anaconda, hordes of white rats, a map of every ant colony in the vicinity and George Cassell, 28, an exuberant young man who grew up at the foot of Mt. Shasta with a trout rod in his hand, football on his mind and no thought of study. As it turned out, he was destined to make Room 455 just about the most popular teen-age hangout in Glendale. Since he teaches biology—one of the deadlier subjects in U.S. high schools—this is going some.

The cause of Hoover High's good fortune is the head injury that George Cassell got while playing football at the University of California at Los Angeles. He

lost his fullback's job and his athletic scholarship, transferred to a state college—and discovered the joys of learning.

Two years ago, he began teaching at Hoover High, which then had a clutch of reluctant biology students. Cassell changed that: his love for wild animals attracted live students. Every weekend, he took his students into the desert and mountains to camp, trap and study. Entire classes soon went along at their own expense. Cassell's students began winning top rank at science fairs for inventing insecticides, studying cholesterol and other such matters.



BIOLOGIST CASSELL & STUDENTS
Thanks to a crack on the head.

This year Hoover High has nine biology classes.

Last spring Teacher Cassell sent 21 sophomores out to survey Glendale on the premise that a community is composed of a group of organisms living together in dynamic equilibrium with the environment. They discovered that the chaparral on the nearby Verdugo Mountains is all that keeps Glendale from being washed away by flood. Studying plants, they found those that best sustain this growth, e.g., black mustard. They analyzed the city water supply, found it pure but dwindling. Armed with petri dishes, they made bacterial counts in restaurants, groceries, the city jail, restrooms and hospitals. They measured noise, nutrition, recreation, garbage disposal—literally everything that helps or hinders man in Glendale.

What emerged was a 111-page report that tells more about Glendale than Glendale has ever known about itself. The city council wanted copies. "We're very proud of you," Councilwoman Zelma Bogie, onetime Glendale mayor, told Cassell. Proud as he was too, Teacher Cassell noted that his students "just barely scratched the surface."



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MUSIC

Yesterday's Revolution

In its 23 seasons, Venice's International Festival of Contemporary Music has more than once moved its audiences to near violence: in his 48 years, self-styled Non-Expressionist Composer John Cage, the "prepared piano" man, has reduced more than one audience to near lunacy. Last week U.S. Composer Cage and the Contemporary Music Festival linked forces in a concert at Venice's famed old La Fenice Theater. The explosion could be heard across the Grand Canal.

Mad Mélange. For his Venice performance, Cage prepared a typically mad mélange of musical low jinks. The evening started mildly enough with Round 1, in which Cage and Pianist David Tudor sat at different pianos alternately plunking notes at up to 20-second intervals. Presently Dancer Merce Cunningham started undulating in symbolic suggestion of an embryo wriggling toward manhood. By Round 3, when Cage was thumping his piano stool with a rock, the restive audience began to jeer. The jeers grew in Round 4, as Cage and Tudor launched into a piano duet, playing chords with their elbows while assaulting the piano's innards with knives and pieces of tin. After Round 6, in which Cage slammed the piano top with an iron pipe and dropped bottles on the floor, an elderly music lover strode to the stage, walloped Cage's piano with his walking stick and stalked out shouting "Now I'm a musician, too!"

Soon Cage and Tudor were darting about between three record players, shifting from Mozart to blues to a recorded speech by Pope John XXIII calling for world peace. By the finale, fights had broken out all over the theater. "Get out of here!" screamed the traditionalists. Replied an un-Caged modernist: "Go somewhere else if you want melody! Long live music!" Cage barked at the audience: the audience barked back at Cage. One notable dissenter: Igor Stravinsky, who found the whole business so tedious that he slipped out in mid-concert. Asked if the tumult was equal to what went on at the Paris première of his own *Sacre du Printemps* in 1913, the old man replied proudly: "There has never been a scandal like mine."

Def Exercise. Later in the week Stravinsky touched off some mild demonstrations of his own. Occasion: the world première in Venice of his seven-minute *Monumentum Pro Gesualdo di Venosa Ad CD Annun*, inspired by the music of late-16th-century Madrigalist Don Carlo Gesualdo, who has long fascinated Stravinsky (Gesualdo had his wife and her lover murdered and is said to have suf-

fered from a condition of epilepsy). At the first bars of the prelude of *Sacre*, the audience began to laugh, and by the time the piece was a third of the way through, the audience was shouting and screaming so loudly that the orchestra was drowned out. Stravinsky, who had to scream at his musicians to keep time,

located one of his own children before relieving his tensions in song). In 1956 Stravinsky set himself the task of "recomposing" three Gesualdo madrigals for orchestra. The results added up to little more than deft exercises in Stravinskian orchestration, but the audience warmly applauded the ailing, 78-year-old composer (he was carried up and down stairs in a sedan chair).

Perhaps the most significant thing about the festival was the attitude of young Italian composers, who were amused by Cage, tended to find Stravinsky somewhat decadent but accepted both of them with respect.



SCENE FROM "BALLET AFRICAINS" Art, said the Lord Chamberlain.

The Emotional Roots

The liveliest dance show in Manhattan last year was being staged by 36 dusky young people from Guinea. *Les Ballets Africains* has toured the world for six years and made its U.S. debut last year, but, because the troupe had been too long exposed to civilization, northern style ("certain intellectuals thought we could be cultured by being acquainted with Rimbaud, Picasso and Renoir"), the directors reorganized the company, recruited an almost entirely new group of Guinea dancers most of whom had never set foot on a stage.

The program, too, was modified, but the basic appeal remained: an air of geysering exuberance that seemed to reveal the dance to its emotional roots. Included were dances of tribal ritual, scenes of village life, a fairy tale about how the lions gained mastery over the panthers—all excitingly expressed in bounding leaps and spins, in sinuous, shuffling walk. The sets were sometimes too elegant and the costumes sometimes too flossy, but in one

department of stagecraft the company had scored a clear triumph: New York, which last year had forced the women to wear brassières, last week permitted them to dance bare-breasted—presumably in deference to the perceptive ruling by the British Lord Chamberlain's Office that *Ballets Africains* is art.

Sweetness & Fruit

If the fancy moved him, Edward Kennedy ("Duke") Ellington could probably write a jazz composition based on a stock market report. The Duke demonstrated the point three years ago when he turned out a 14-part suite obscurely inspired by a line from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In hot form last week, with just as obscure a burst of inspiration, he paid tribute to a man who "swings"—Novelist John Steinbeck. Occasion: the première at the Monterey Jazz Festival of the Duke's *Suite Thursday*, based on Steinbeck's novel, *Sweet Thursday*.

Although Ellington started discussing his suite with Festival Manager Jimmy Lyons three years ago, he did not get down to serious work until this summer. He then called up Lyons and asked a few pointed questions: "I don't remember the book too well—any jive going on? Is there some jungle [i.e., conflict]? There's gotta be some sweetness and fruit." With the plot straight in his mind, the Duke sat down and dashed off a four-part suite with typically cryptic subtitles: *Miss Fitts Blues*, *Schäphti*, *Sweet Zurzday*, *Lay-By*. "That last," explained the Duke, "is an emergency parking area by the roadside of England. See how it all fits in?"

The piece itself proved to be considerably less intriguing than the titles. Typical Ellingtoniana, when he tries for concert length, it called for extensive improvisation by the band, was liberally laced with the subtle tone colors, the shifting moods that Ellington too often uses as a substitute for invention. High point was a lovely, fluid violin solo by Ray Nance that brought cries of "No, no!" from an audience that did not want it to end. Said Ellington in explanation of one part of his piece: "It has not only to do with changing of the colors and the octopi, but the people in the story." But not even the Duke could explain just where John Steinbeck came in.

Appearing with the Duke at Monterey were many of the big names in jazz, along with some newcomers: Louis Armstrong, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, John Coltrane, "Cannonball" Adderley, Jimmy Rushing, Ornette Coleman. With the Newport Festival languishing, Monterey can now lay claim to being the country's classiest jazz display case. The musicians seem to like it because they can play what they please and because the audiences are mannerly and serious. In a too-eccentric introduction of Saxophonist Coleman last week, Composer Gunther Schuller remarked earnestly that "he comes to us naked." Snapped a middle-aged lady: "Not in Monterey, he doesn't."

MEDICINE

Cancer & Krebiozen

Over a 500-watt local radio station comes the well-modulated voice of Narrator Walter McGraw in a soft-sell, sincere-sounding pitch for "a fair trial for Krebiozen." (The recording bore the imprint of Manhattan Adman Robert M. Marks, fronting for the Krebiozen Research Foundation.) Into the mails every month go 25,000 or more copies of the *Bulletin* of the Citizens Emergency Committee for Krebiozen (pronounced Kre-by-oozen).

The American Cancer Society's last fund drive was bedeviled by protest cards (thoughtfully provided by the Krebiozen lobby) reading: "... I will resume my support of the A.C.S. when your organization supports the truth about Krebiozen and commits itself to an unbiased clinical test about Krebiozen." G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers of pro-Krebiozen books, promote them with gaudy red, black and yellow throwaways with such unprovable headlines as **REAL HOPE TO CURE CANCER AND BIG LIE BANS CANCER DRUG.**

Dangerous Delay. For tens of thousands of U.S. cancer victims whose cases are pronounced hopeless in any given year, the unresolved argument over Krebiozen creates a personal emergency of tragic intensity. By pretending that the cancerous Krebiozen controversy does not exist, organized medicine represented by the American Medical Association and the American Cancer Society is acting on the assumption that "if we don't look, it will go away." This, as A.M.A. and A.C.S. are both quick to assert, is the cardinal sin of patients who delay in taking their lumpy growths to a doctor.

What is Krebiozen? Nobody knows for certain (and some extreme skeptics question whether there is such a thing).



PHYSIOLOGIST IVY (CENTER) & PATIENTS
Smothered under the gusher.

Arthur Siegel

Does it do any good? Nobody can be sure on the basis of the ill-organized and sketchy evidence so far available.

Krebiozen is the creation of an intense, sunken-eyed Balkan medic named Stevan Durovic. Now 55, Dr. Durovic got his M.D. at Belgrade in 1930, was a medic in the Yugoslav army when captured by the Italians in World War II. Thanks to his heart condition, P.O.W. Durovic was allowed to leave Italy on a Vatican visa in 1942 for Perón's Argentina.

There, Dr. Durovic began to apply a theory which, he now says, he had been mulling over for years: that some of the body's defense mechanisms, including those against cancer, are seated in the cells of the reticulo-endothelial system* (RES for short). By 1946 Dr. Durovic had a substance, extracted from the blood of specially treated cattle, which he called Kositerin and considered promising for treatment of high blood pressure.

Dr. Durovic came to the U.S. in 1949. At Chicago's Northwestern University Kositerin's effectiveness was proved to be almost nil. But Durovic was referred to the University of Illinois' Physiologist Andrew Conway Ivy. When Durovic saw Ivy, he told him that he had a drug named Krebiozen, extracted from horse blood, for treating cancer. Some scoffers assert that Kositerin became Krebiozen during a cab ride across town.

Hippodrome Show. Ivy was indeed interested. A show-me farm boy of Scottish extraction from Farmington, Mo., Dr. Ivy had made it the hard way to the top ranks of medical research. In 1949 he was 56, loaded with honors, vice president of the professional colleges of the University of Illinois, author of more than 1,000

* From the Latin for a "little net" of tissues lining the blood vessels. The ones that produce white blood cells and (presumably) other defenses against disease are in the spleen, lymph nodes and liver.



Arthur Siegel

POWDER-MAKER DUROVIC
Metamorphosed in a crosstown cab?

technical papers on research. Though an M.D., Ivy was a physiologist and teacher, no bedside physician. Satisfied that Krebiozen was both harmless and promising, the Ivy team injected it into 22 patients nearly all of whom were diagnosed as having last-stage cancer ("terminal cases"). Though most of them soon died anyway, some felt better for a while, and after 17 months two of them were reported free of cancer.

What happened next is history. Early in 1951, at a meeting in Chicago's Drake Hotel, Dr. Ivy reported his findings to the medical profession, press and public. It turned into a hippodrome performance. But why this happened is still a mystery. Dr. Ivy insists that word of miraculous benefits from Krebiozen was leaking out, and he wanted to set the record straight. Dr. Durovic gave his conventional critics a club to beat him with by refusing to tell how he made Krebiozen, claiming that he feared the Communists would get hold of it. This left Krebiozen a secret remedy, which is anathema to medical ethics and ethical medics.

The A.M.A.'s Council on Drugs hastily pulled together reports on 100 patients treated with Krebiozen at seven clinics and concluded that the stuff was valueless. The Chicago Medical Society suspended Dr. Ivy for three months for promoting a secret remedy. University President George D. Stoddard recommended that Ivy be demoted from his vice presidency but left him on the faculty. Then the circus moved under the big top. An Illinois legislative committee held hearings for a year, ended by rebuking President Stoddard. The National Research Council undertook a study of Krebiozen, but still relied on second-hand evidence. The findings, predictably, were negative.

Around the Rule. Meanwhile, desperate cancer patients and their families clamored for Krebiozen, and by now an

estimated 3,000 have had injections of it from about 300 physicians. With this number of cases, it ought to be easy for scientists to determine whether the stuff is any good. But last week the New York Post devoted six data-packed pages to the controversy and explained why no impartial judge can yet assess its value.

Krebiozen is approved "for investigational use only." It cannot be sold. A doctor must get it from the Krebiozen Research Foundation for cancer cases of the types that the foundation approves of treating, and he is required by law to give the foundation a report of his results. In practice, he usually makes a "donation" of \$9.50 for each ampule (one injection), which gets around the no-sale ruling. Then, all too often, he neglects to file a report.

For \$9.50 what does the patient get? Dr. Durovic says he brought less than a teaspoonful—two grams—of the whitish powder from Argentini. This would mean that it had been extracted from 2,000 horses (costly, because the horses are killed in the process), as Durovic says he gets only about one milligram per horse. And the human dose of Krebiozen is so fantastically minute—only $\frac{1}{100}$ of a milligram—that two grams would be enough for 200,000 doses. Durovic has recently announced making his first U.S. batch of 200 mg. from 200 horses.

What Krebiozen is, or even whether it exists, has been impossible to establish by impartial analysis because of another whodunit circumstance. In early 1951 Ivy and Durovic were worried about the stuff's keeping qualities. Somebody mentioned casually that perhaps it would keep better in oil. Straightway, Durovic dumped his whole supply into light pharmaceutical grade, No. 91 mineral oil. The dilution is so great that the presence of the drug can no longer be proved. And of course its chemical composition was smothered under the gusher of oil.

Fungal Process. By all odds, a man of Ivy's standing should have wriggled out of the mess as soon as he found what he was in. But Andrew Ivy is as stubbornly devoted to any cause he espouses as he is to his vigorous Methodist faith. Difficult to deal with he certainly is.

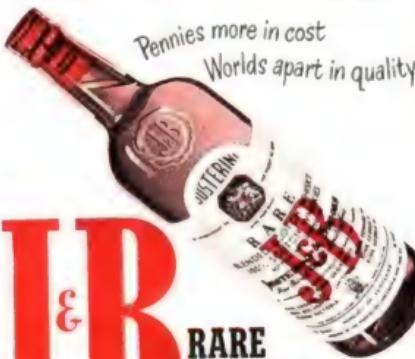
Dr. Ivy has studied the secretive Dr. Durovic's method of injecting into horses a preparation of killed and sterilized fungi, waiting for the horses' systems to react, then bleeding them and extracting Krebiozen from their blood serum by a highly involved process. He has duplicated the process and has a vial containing a few milligrams of an off-white powder which he believes is identical with Durovic's Krebiozen. Ivy has also worked on Krebiozen's chemistry. It is, he declares, a "tissue hormone" secreted by the RES cells. If Krebiozen is indeed a tissue hormone, he has a better chance of getting it licensed.

Finally, Dr. Ivy has continued to treat patients, usually in his laboratory or



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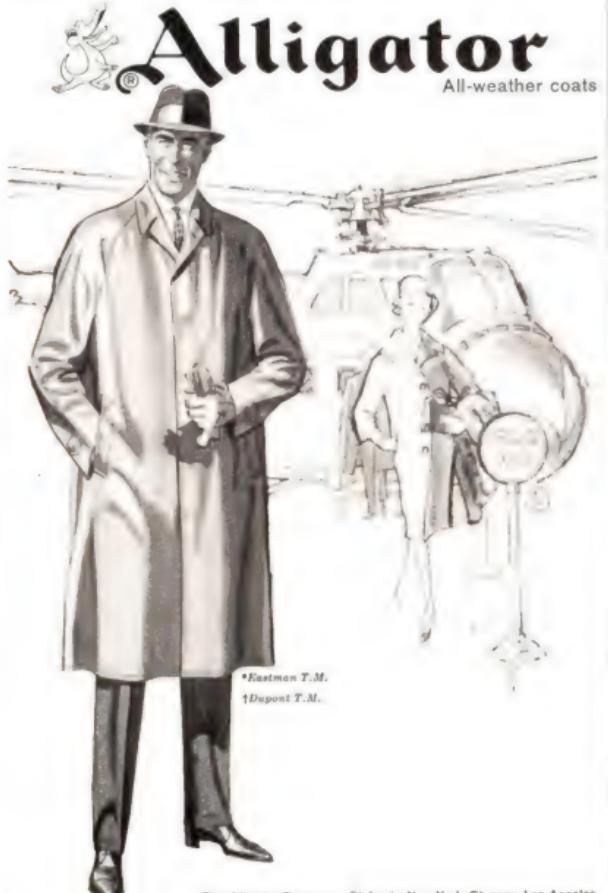
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office. Through it all, Ivy has amassed data which, he asserts, prove Krebiozen's effectiveness against certain types of cancer. He also relies heavily on the practice of two Chicago physicians (with whom he co-authored a 1956 book): Dr. John F. Pick, a plastic surgeon, and Dr. William F. P. Phillips, a general practitioner.

A burly, down-to-earth pragmatist with an earthy vocabulary, Dr. Phillips, 48, has given Krebiozen to about 300 patients—more than any other physician. He keeps aloof from the charges and counter-charges about Krebiozen. He is convinced that Krebiozen helps his patients. But he frankly admits that he cannot be sure. He has neither the training nor the time to become a research scientist, he says.

When Hope Is Gone. Medical orthodoxy requires that before a new drug gets a formal, elaborate, wide-scale test, there must be a prima-facie case in its favor from the records of patients already treated. Dr. Ivy's cases are too few for that. The Krebiozen Foundation's records are both sketchy. So, for the New York *Post*, two newsmen took turns sitting down with Dr. Phillips and going through his cases. From the first 67, it was clear that no conclusive findings as to the value of Krebiozen would emerge even if all 300 were analyzed.

Sometimes a reported improvement is what the doctors call "subjective," meaning that the patient feels better, says he has less pain, eats better and often resumes normal activities after having been bedridden. Cancer scientists dismiss such effects as resulting from the power of suggestion.

But there remain, says Dr. Phillips, a few patients whose diagnosis of cancer was proved by exacting laboratory techniques and who then lived longer than the majority of patients with similar disease. In some of them, the cancer process actually seemed to have been arrested or even reversed. Could this be chance?

The most determinedly anti-Krebiozen spokesman for a leading U.S. cancer research center admits that not all of these cases can be explained away by other factors, though he still insists there is no reason to test Krebiozen further. Another expert, equally skeptical but more judicial, says: "From these cases, you can help feeling there's something here that needs to be explained." This jibes with Dr. Phillips' tenet: "If the researchers in their ivory towers would stop bickering and get down to work, we could have some valuable information within a year, and a definite answer before too long."

Last week, the New York *Post* made its own proposal to break the stalemate: The National Cancer Institute should quit making favorable prior evaluation a condition, because adequate data simply do not exist. Ivy should be allowed to determine the drug dosage, because of his experience, but should not be on the evaluating panel.

Krebiozen may be no cure or even palliative for cancer of any kind, but a fast test would cut out most of the cancer in the Krebiozen controversy.

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SPORT

Yanks v. Pirates

One after another, like shots from a Roman candle, the balls soared over the outfield fences. When the first game's batting practice was over, the slugging New York Yankees of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Bob Meusel and Tony Lazzeri had turned the onlooking Pittsburgh Pirates into a band of idolatrous sand lotters. After that, the Yankees went on to win the 1927 World Series in four straight games. Until 1960, it was Pittsburgh's last pennant.

When the National League Pirates trot onto the field this week, there again will be the Yankees. But this time no one expects Pittsburgh to turn patsy. Around both leagues, players, managers and coaches were weighing the two clubs and finding the balance remarkably even. The experts' consensus:

FIELDING. Both teams have good in-fields, although Pittsburgh's is a shade better because of the fine double-play combination of Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski and Shortstop Dick Groat, who claims that his broken left wrist has mended. In the outfield, the Yankees' weak link is Leftfielder Hector Lopez, who not only has a poor arm but stirs prayer in the breast of Manager Casey Stengel every time he wanders after a fly ball. Behind the plate, both the Yankees' Yogi Berra and Elston Howard have arms strong enough to discourage any base-stealing ambitions of the generally fleetier Pirates.

PITCHING. The Pirates have the requisite pair of strong men to start as many as five of the possible seven games: Mormon Elder Vernon Law (20-9), who has glacial calm and a fast slider, and



NEW YORK'S STENGEL
Over the fence.

Veteran Bob Friend (17-12), who relies on breaking pitches. In addition, the Pirates have Southpaws Harvey Haddix (11-10) and Wilmer ("Vinegar Bend") Mizell (13-8) to confound the predominantly lefthanded Yankees' hitting power. Out in the bullpen is one of baseball's top relief men: ElRoy Face (10-8), who throws a dipping forkball that induces rally-killing grounders. For the Yankees, fading Whitey Ford (12-9) still looks able to pitch two big games with know-how and his sharp curve, and Art Ditmar (15-9) has developed into a steady winner with his slider. But Bob Turley (9-3) now throws more benders than bullets, and Stengel may be forced to depend heavily on a 22-year-old rookie named Bill Stafford (1-1).

BATTING. With no truly solid slugger, the Pirates score runs by punching singles through or over the infield, going for the extra base and pulling the hit and run especially when Shortstop Groat (.325) is at bat. As always, the Yankees rely on the long ball. Although his average is a so-so .275, Centerfielder Mickey Mantle still has belted 40 home runs. Rightfielder Roger Maris has hit another 10. In Pittsburgh's vast Forbes Field (right-centerfield wall: 425 ft.), most of the Yankees will have trouble reaching the seats. Not Mantle, says Chicago White Sox Manager Al Lopez: "Mantle can hit the ball out of any damn park any time he goes up to the plate anywhere."

By far the most important facts about both the New York Yankees and the Pittsburgh Pirates do not appear in the statistics. The Yankees have a flock of individual stars who can rouse themselves to greatness and win a short series by themselves. Mantle, Maris and their cohorts can hit home runs in fusillades. But



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the Pirates of Manager Danny Murtaugh are a more cohesive team. Says Philadelphia's Manager Gene Mauch: "If the Pirates hold together and don't start feeling they've got to play as individuals, they'll beat the Yankees."

Playing Safety

The job of playing safety in the National Football League requires almost as many athletic skills as winning the decathlon. Ideally, the safety man must have the speed of a sprinter to keep up with whippet-fast backs and ends as they break for passes. He must have the wit to diagnose plays in advance, the instinct to follow them as they unfold. He must



GIANTS' SAFETY MAN PATTON
Not pretty, but effective.

have the strength and guts to hurl himself head-on at a 230-lb. fullback. And he must learn to live with the chilling reality that as the last line of defense, every time he makes a mistake the enemy gets six points. In the N.F.L., the safety man who comes closest to achieving the impossible is the New York Giants' square-jawed, sturdy (5 ft. 10 in., 180 lbs.) Jimmy Patton.

An all-round star at the University of Mississippi, Patton was drafted by the Giants in 1955 for defensive work. He soon realized that he knew next to nothing about the game of football as it is played by the pros—and he learned the hard way. Pro ball carriers knocked him cold time and again. Not until his third year did he really begin to solve pass patterns and develop into a star. This season, at 28, Jimmy Patton is an articulate, confident craftsman who is recognized throughout the National Football League as the safety man who has mastered every trick of the trade.

Method for Mayhem. "When a fullback like Jimmy Brown of the Cleveland Browns breaks loose up the middle," says Patton in discussing the science of the

safety man, "I don't watch his head. He can fake me with his head. I watch his belt buckle, and I keep my eye on it, just the way a batter watches a baseball. He can't wiggle that belt buckle. I get down low enough to get below his shoulder and try to hit him head-on. It's easy enough to get to Brown's belly. Holding on to him is another matter. A fullback like Brown can spin you right over, but I can usually manage to hold on to something."

"A break-away runner like Bobby Mitchell of the Browns or Hugh McElhenny of the San Francisco Forty Niners really gives me fits. You've got to beat their blockers, and then you've got to watch out for their fakes. Mitchell has literally faked me off my feet. It's too risky to tackle them low. I hit them high and wrestle them down. It's not the way you're taught in college, and it's not pretty—but it's effective."

Minuet for Two. Pass defense is the crucial job for a safety man. Although he has run 100 yds. in 9.9 sec., Patton does not consider himself a fast man by pro. standards. For the sake of speed, Patton wears no hip pads, makes do with a piece of sponge rubber over each hipbone. With the rest of the famed Giant defensive unit, Patton has studied his opponents' attacking habits thoroughly. Patton knows that the fine blocking of the Baltimore Colts will give Quarterback Johnny Unitas four seconds or more to pass; he knows too that the St. Louis Cardinals' much-beset King Hill is lucky to get three seconds. Patton knows that the Colts' Lenny Moore will tip off the fact that he is going deep for a pass by shuffling through his first few steps, and he knows that the Los Angeles Rams' Del Shofner starts at top speed when he is the deep man.

But receivers are equally familiar with Patton's habits. After calling defensive signals for the Giants' backfield, Patton lines up about 7 yds. away from the man he intends to cover, always shading to one side so that the receiver will have only one clear path. At the snap of the ball, the two men start a routine as formal yet as frantic as a minuet in oldtime flicker films. Running backward all the while, Patton must counter the receiver's maneuvers without falling for a fake. To avoid head, arm and hip fakes, Patton watches a spot roughly in the vicinity of the receiver's wishbone, on the sound theory that it will turn when the receiver himself turns and begins to cut. "Then," says Patton, "you've got to react fast. If he gets more than one step on you, you'll never catch him."

Moment for Instinct. Patton has developed his peripheral vision to the point where he can often watch the quarterback while also watching a receiver, or, failing that, catch sight of the ball in mid-air as it approaches. With other stars, like the Cardinals' Bill Stacy and the Colts' Andy Nelson, Patton has a sixth sense that alerts him when the ball is headed for another receiver. "There is that special moment when it is time to go for the ball and instinct takes over," says Jack

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Christiansen, a defensive coach for San Francisco. "In that moment, great football players are made."

A game always leaves Patton so taut that he has long given up any thoughts of sleep for that night. With Dick Nolan, the Giants' other safety man, Patton often stalks the deserted streets of Manhattan until dawn. But he makes a special point not to brood about any opposition receiver who got away for a touchdown. "If I could stop every pass," says the Giants' Jimmy Patton, "no one could afford to pay my salary."

Scoreboard

¶ "I don't care what you guys write about me," he once told sportswriters. "All I want is for folks to turn and say, 'There goes the greatest hitter that ever lived.'" By last week, at the ancient baseball age of 42, Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox had very nearly had his wish. Williams led the American League in hitting six times, twice was voted its most valuable player by the sportswriters and might well have won the honor at least twice more if he had deigned to give the most casual smile to newsmen. But Williams never cared about pleasing anyone, including the fans: "They can all go to hell, I'll never tip my cap to any of them." In his final time at bat in Boston's Fenway Park last week, Williams dramatically drove a 420-ft. home run into the Red Sox bullpen. The fans' ovation followed him around the bases. After the game Williams announced he was quitting then and there instead of finishing out the season on the road. His lifetime average of .344 already was the fifth-best in modern baseball, and his home-run total of 521 (compiled despite spending nearly five seasons in the Marine Air Corps) was third only to Jimmie Foxx's 534 and Babe Ruth's 714.

¶ Moments after the opening kickoff, Kansas turned a recovered fumble into a 7-0 lead and for three quarters seemed headed for the upset of the year over the nation's top-ranked team, Syracuse. Syracuse crunched up and down the field with its customary power (22 first downs v. 4 for Kansas), but did not take the lead until the fourth quarter when Halfback Ernie Davis crashed across from the 1-yard line to put Syracuse ahead. Abruptly, the breaks of the game swung against Kansas: a penalty for an illegal backfield shift killed the drive that seemed headed for the winning touchdown. Final score: Syracuse 14, Kansas 7.

¶ In a weekend of improbable scores the big news was in the Big Ten. Purdue scored four touchdowns and a field goal in a wild second quarter, went on to rout Notre Dame, 51-10. Minnesota showed surprising strength while defeating Indiana, 42-0, as did Iowa while beating Northwestern by precisely the same score. Missouri gained more prestige for the rising Big Eight (its main rival: Kansas) by beating Penn State, 20-8. And Harvard, a strong pre-season favorite to win the Ivy League, suffered the humiliation of a 27-12 loss to the University of Massachusetts.

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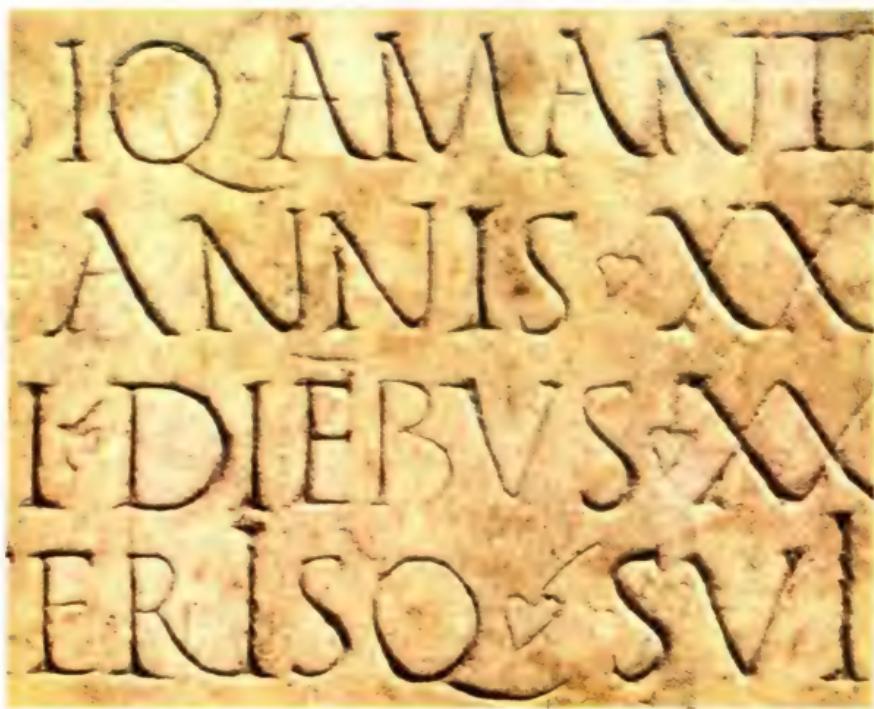
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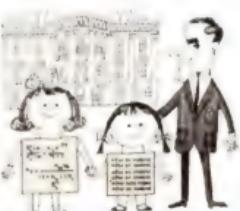
Now Bunting for LIFE

Ted Williams of the Red Sox and Jim Brosnan of the Reds will cover the World Series for LIFE, beginning Oct. 5. This week they share with you their views on the pitching, hitting and fielding strengths of both the Pirates and the Yankees.



Candy and Lawge

Americans who are unaccustomed to weird Boston accents may miss much of what candidates Lodge and Kennedy have to say. As a service to voters, LIFE presents a phonetic dictionary of Bostonese waggishly compiled by Frank Gillbreth.



Pretty U.N. Girls

One subject on which all the delegates agree is that the 1,200 secretaries, guides and other women who work at the U.N. are among the world's prettiest girls. You will see convincing proof in a whistle-provoking LIFE picture report this week.



At Home, On the Road

In exclusive LIFE photos you visit the busy, happy homes of Jackie Kennedy and Pat Nixon, then join their barnstorming husbands for an exciting report (including four pages of full-color photographs) on the quickening election campaign.



Children's Rooms

If properly planned, a child's room can be his castle, combining a colorful bedroom with playroom, study and private museum. LIFE shows how it's done in three pages of full color photos to delight the heart of any youngster (or his parent).



Movies' Golden Girl

Freckled-faced Doris Day, the world's best-selling female vocalist, is also a top star in Hollywood. She shows why in a new chiller *Midnight Lace* as she plays the role of an American woman in London nearly driven insane by sheer terror.

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The most expensive material used by the bases is fuel oil for power and heating, which in most cases must be delivered by air. The final answer to this problem is the small nuclear reactor to generate electricity and keep the buildings warm. Preparations will be made this season for the installation of the first of these reactors at McMurdo Sound. Eventually both Byrd Station and the South Pole base will also go nuclear.

Micromicrocamera

One of the questions medieval debaters liked to argue was how many angels could dance on the head of a pin. The National Bureau of Standards does not allow itself to measure angels—but it has developed a micromicrocamera that can put a page of the Bible on a bit of photographic film much smaller than a pinhead. On this scale all the pages of a Bible would barely cover Lincoln's head on a tē

piece: the 27,357 pages of the Encyclopedia Britannica could be reproduced on the back of a match-book.

The camera that performs these stunts is a sort of microscope in reverse. One end looks at a page of print or a pattern of parallel lines, and the train of small lenses at the other end forms an exact and tiny image. Individual letters on the negative are hardly bigger than bacteria, and an excellent microscope is needed to read them.

Developed by Calvin S. McCamy, chief of the bureau's photographic research section, the camera's purpose is to test the resolving power (fine-grainedness) of photographic films, plates and papers. It may never be used for practical microfilming. It is too hard to focus, and it must be shielded from even faint vibration by enclosing it and the object to be photographed in a heavy metal cylinder suspended by springs. If a stray speck of dust wanders onto the film it might blot out half a book.

MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Land Morrow Lindbergh, 23, third son of the aviator and now a graduate anthropology student at Stanford University; and Susan Miller, 21, a Stanford junior; in San Diego, last August.

Divorce Revealed. Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, 66, Philadelphia playboy and World War I draft dodger, who fled to Germany in 1920, came home in 1930 and served almost five years in Army prisons during World War II; by German-born Berta Franck Bergdoll, 52; after 34 years of marriage, eight children (including Son Alfred, a Korean War draft dodger); in Charles City, Va., last April.

Died. E. (for Estelle) Sylvia Pankhurst, 78, fire-breathing feminist and daughter of Britain's pioneering Suffragette Emmeline Pankhurst: of a heart attack; in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Along with her mother and late sister Christabel, Sylvia invoked violence in the fight for women's suffrage between 1903 and 1918, led her militant followers in rock-tossing sorties against the Houses of Parliament, assaults upon Downing Street. She landed in prison at least 15 times, went on hunger strikes to get out, promptly got tossed back into a cell as soon as her strength returned. After Britain's women began to win the vote in 1918, Sylvia was not long without other causes. She flirted with the triumphant Russian Bolsheviks, fought fascism, ground out radical books and pamphlets, even ran a cooperative toy factory. Ever a champion of unwed mothers, she wilfully became one herself at the age of 45, would say only that her child's father, an Italian author, was "an old and dear friend whom I have loved for years." Her final crusade: restoration of Haile Selassie to Ethiopia's throne after the Italian invasion forced him into exile

in 1936. After World War II, she and her love child, Richard, settled in Addis Ababa, where her son lectures at University College. Grateful for her long fight in his behalf, the reascent Emperor rewarded Old Warrior Pankhurst with a singularly appropriate decoration—the medal of Queen of Sheba, First Class.

Died. Elivera Mathilda Carlson Doud, 82, mother of Mamie Eisenhower: of a stroke; in Denver. Daughter of Swedish immigrants, she was born in Boone, Iowa, at 16 married Meat Packer John Doud (who died in 1951). A witty woman with a tart tongue, she moved to Denver in 1904, lived and died in the same house the Douds bought then. To Ike she was "Min"—after Mrs. Andy Gump in the comic strip: she got the nickname from Ike and her two daughters, who would kiddingly chorus, "Oh, Min!" when John Doud, in search of missing apparel, called, "Oh, Mother!" to his wife. She lived in the White House from the time of Ike's first inauguration until 1957, when she returned to Denver in failing health.

Died. Emily Price Post, 86, who emerged as the undisputed arbiter of U.S. etiquette ("the science of living") during her long life as a book, newspaper and radio counselor on manners; of pneumonia; in Manhattan. Divorced and left with two small sons to support in 1906, Emily turned to writing tinsel novels of high life, was goaded by her publisher in 1922 to turn out *Etiquette, the Blue Book of Social Usage*. It went into 89 printings, netted her lifetime royalties of about \$300 a week. An apt description of Emily Post's career was once supplied by Son Edwin: "Mamma started out writing to tell the new rich how to behave like nice people. Now she is telling the new poor how to be gracious without servants."



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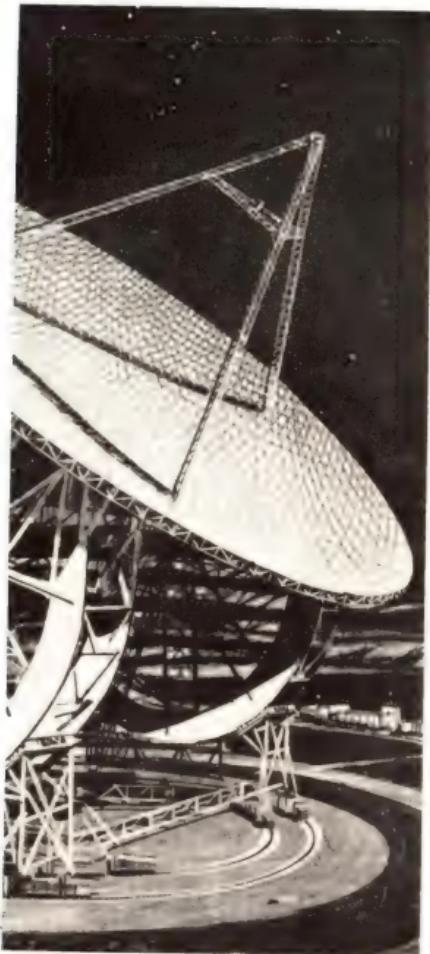


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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS The New Environment

In the face of bleak talk about the U.S. economy, Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson, who has a good record in calling the economic turns, last week took a strong and positive position. Speaking before the joint meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank in Washington, Anderson said: "It is my view that the outlook for economic activity in this country is favorable, both for the near future and for many years ahead."

What has happened to the U.S. economy, said Anderson, is not recession but "fundamental readjustments: I refer to the fact that the economic environment of 1960 is a new environment. After almost 20 years of recurrent inflationary pressures, it is understandable that a free economy would have to undergo some deep-seated adjustments once appropriate fiscal and monetary policies had struck down both the fear and the fact of inflation." The adjustments, added Anderson, "provide the base for a long period of sustainable, noninflationary growth."

Underlying Strength. Anderson pointed out that the adjustment has been largely caused by the drop in buying for inventories; they have skidded from an annual rate of accumulation of \$11.4 billion in the first quarter to about zero in the third. "This sharp decline in inventory spending is the key fact in our domestic business picture, and accounts for the relative stability of industrial production in 1960, despite a substantial expansion in final demand," now said Anderson, with the rate of inventory decline arrested in August. "The inventory adjustment appears to be nearing completion." He also found it "heartening" that total output, personal income, total employ-

ment and other key areas of the economy had not been hard hit by the adjustment, saw this as proof of "the basic underlying strength of the U.S. economy." Said Anderson: "Businessmen can now make plans and calculate costs on the basis of a reasonably stable dollar."

Most economists agree with Anderson's thesis of readjustment and the existence of a new economic environment. But many part company with him on how far the adjustment has gone, whether it is over, and whether inflation is dead or only sleeping.

Good, for a Change. Despite the disarray, the week's business news—for a change—was encouraging. The Commerce Department reported that manufacturers' new orders in August rose 2% over July, ending a two-month decline and taking the sting out of a decline in manufacturers' sales for the sixth straight month. Machine-tool orders soared 32% over July for the best rise of the year, partly because of pending price increases of from 4% to 10%. Construction put in place in September continued to move upward. Department-store sales snapped back from a three-week decline, rose 2% over last year across the nation. Pointing up the price stabilization point, Detroit's new models came on the market at or below last year's prices. And at week's end the stock market staged a rally.

WALL STREET What Breed of Animal?

Like the state of the whole U.S. economy, the stock market last week was something of a puzzle. At week's beginning it continued the decline of the previous week in a heavy sell-off that pared 16 points from the Dow-Jones industrial average in three days of heavy trading.



Then it turned around and headed upward, at week's end staged a rally that pushed the industrials up 9.55 points—to 580.14—in the biggest one-day gain in nine weeks.

Bull or Bear? Was this the end of the slide, or only a breather in the midst of a big bear market? Sidney Lurie of Josephthal & Co. shot off a wire at midweek to trusts and big customers reading: "Seems to me we're days if not hours away from a real trading bottom. I'd watch for buys. Don't forget, the clamping is always best at low tide." Said Walston & Co.'s Edmund Tabell: "I suspect we're getting ready for a rally. The bear market will be quick to come to an end." Even the Dow theorists, who believe that stocks have been in a bear market for months, could not agree on what is going on. Dow Specialist Richard Russell believes that the market will go much lower. But E. George Schaefer, publisher of the *Dow Theory Trader*, says that a foundation has been laid for "a surprisingly healthy upsurge into late 1960 and 1961."

Whether an investor found himself in a bear market or a bull market depended very much on what stocks he owned. The Dow-Jones industrial average, composed of only 30 stocks out of 1,800, helps give a day-to-day picture of the market's volatility, but fails to reflect accurately the long-run fate of many stocks. Last week the industrial average was down 15% from its alltime high in January of this year, was at the same level as December 1958. But some stocks, such as food and drugs, which face a bright future in an expanding population, are still in a lusty bull market, are well above the levels reached when the industrial average reached its peak (see chart). For other stocks, a bear market has existed for as long as four years, and they have dropped much farther than the average.

Advance Reaction. Shares in such industries as aluminum, autos, chemicals, coppers, oils, papers, tires and rubbers and rails hit alltime highs in 1958—and have been going down ever since. Others, such as steels and airlines, have been steadily slipping since their 1959 highs. They have reached the point where they resist further pressure, appear to have hit bottom. To many individual and institutional investors, such stocks look like buys.

Many Wall Streeters believe that the market has already discounted a mild recession, just as it got ready for the last two well in advance. In each, the market hit its lows when the recession had just started, flopped about for a time, then took off on a sustained rise even though the economy continued to decline for some months. By the time the recessions were nearing their ends, the market had already pushed well upward. Streeters feel that the market is likely to ignore the pattern of the past only if later facts clearly show that a major recession is on the way.

Out of the Club

On the usually bustling floor of the New York Stock Exchange one morning last week, the stock ticker stopped and 2,000 brokers and clerks stood silently while Chairman Edward C. Werle made an unhappy announcement. For the first time in 22 years the exchange, one of the nation's most exclusive clubs, was expel-

ling a member for "fraudulent acts which endangered a member firm's financial position." The offender: Anton E. Homsey, 53, one of two partners in the Boston firm of DuPont, Homsey & Co. His offense was pledging an estimated \$503,000 in securities belonging to three customers as collateral for loans without the customers' knowledge. The exchange's last such case was in 1938, when Richard Whitney,

five times president of the exchange, was expelled—and later sent to Sing Sing—for pledging customer securities on loans.

Gerald Colby indicated that Homsey had negotiated the loans in order to buy stocks for his own account. Homsey was arrested last month (he is free on \$10,000 bail), and his firm was suspended from the Boston, American and New York stock exchanges and placed in receiver-

THEODORA SERAFIN



tures—beginning with some changes in the Manhattan skyline.

Construction is under way on Manhattan's East Side (at 51st Street and Lexington Avenue) for a new Loew's-owned, 800-room luxury hotel—the first hotel to be built in Manhattan in 30 years. Ground was broken this week on Manhattan's West Side (Seventh Avenue between 52nd and 53rd Streets) for a new Loew's hotel, to be called the Americana of New York. It will be the world's tallest hotel (50 stories) and one of its largest (2,000 rooms) and most luxurious, with restaurants and banquet halls that can feed 6,800 people at a sitting, and a private automobile elevator direct to the grand ballroom.

For good measure, Tisch is also building two luxury motels on Eighth Avenue in midtown Manhattan, a third in Washington, D.C. If his new hotels live up to his standards, they will be lighter, gayer and more modern than most, will not try to ape foreign hotels. "An American waiter in a French-style hotel," says Tisch, "just doesn't look authentic."

With a Loew's \$20 million, Larry Tisch is searching for new acquisitions that may take the theater firm into real estate, manufacturing or radio and TV as well as hotels. Tisch is demolishing several theaters in order to lease the land or put up new buildings. Yet he does not intend to take Loew's out of theaters, is looking for new sites to lease on the grounds that TV's "deteriorating quality" will drive more and more people to the movies.

Skeptics believe that Larry Tisch will find it hard to turn a profit on Manhattan hotels that are costing \$20,000 a room to build. He replies that the skeptics are still thinking in terms of the '30s, points out that he has already booked 75 conventions into the unbuilt Americana. He has no intention of running profitless operations. In only a year as Loew's chief stockholder (he served as chairman of the executive committee before becoming company chairman and chief executive last month), he has cut costs and improved business so much that the firm's earnings will be up 33% this year over last, to about \$1 a share.

Tisch got into the hotel business when his father, a New York manufacturer of boys' clothing, gave him \$125,000 to invest after he had graduated from New York University (at 18) and spent three years in the Army. He bought the drowsy Laurel-in-the-Pines resort hotel in Lakewood, N.J., with a partner, attracted guests by refurbishing it and using promotion stunts (one: importing three reindeer from Finland). He made so much money the first year that he bought out his partner,

Man About Hotels

LAURENCE ALAN TISCH

His next partner: Brother Bob, who joined him in buying a resort hotel in New York's Catskills after he graduated from the University of Michigan.

They quickly bought an Atlantic City hotel for \$4,350,000 (they later sold it for \$15 million), leased another in Atlantic City and two more (the McAlpin and Belmont Plaza) in Manhattan. By refurbishing each, cutting costs, adding attractive facilities and raising room rates, they made all prosper. In 1956 they decided to build their first hotel. The result was the \$17 million Americana in Bal Harbour, Fla.—which was so flamboyantly luxurious, even by the standards of nearby Miami Beach, that it easily won the title of Miami's "hotel of the year."

THE Tisches sold the Americana last April to put their money into higher-paying investments, immediately leased it back. They have also built two luxury motels in Atlantic City, but intend to make most future acquisitions in the hotel-motel field through Loew's. They had been large stockholders in Loew's Inc. before the court-ordered separation of the theater corporation in March 1959 made it a separate company. Early this year they got control (they now own 650,000 shares) of the theater firm.

While luring guests into his hotels with conspicuous luxury, Larry Tisch has little use for it in his own life. He lives with his wife and four children in a ten-room house in suburban Scarsdale, commutes by train, neither drinks, smokes, nor indulges in any steady hobby. He often works late into the evening, spends his free evenings at home or at Broadway plays or movies (twice a week) with his wife, works hard in fund-raising and community affairs. Larry Tisch is shocked by any suggestion that he might like to relax and enjoy his money. "This is too much fun," he says. "The harder I work, the better I like it."

AMERICANA OF NEW YORK



HOTEL ON EAST SIDE

ship. Among the assets: Homsey's exchange seat, which can be disposed of at the going price (about \$143,000).

At that point, according to the 168-year-old practice of the New York Stock Exchange, its responsibilities have always ended—unlike the practice of the London Stock Exchange, which has a fund to protect customers of its members against loss because of fraud. But this time the exchange issued a precedent-setting statement. Said Exchange President Keith Funston: "The New York Stock Exchange feels that its moral responsibilities to these investors are not ended with the act of expulsion." He hinted that the exchange itself might make up financial losses suffered by Homsey customers, "particularly those of modest means."

AUTOS

Prices: the Same or Lower

As U.S. automakers all but completed introducing new models last week, the best news for prospective car buyers was not the styling, which was little changed but the price. Automakers are not only keeping the price tags the same for most models, but in some cases are cutting them or bringing out lower-priced lines.

Chevrolet and Oldsmobile joined Buick and Cadillac (TIME, Oct. 3) in announcing no price increases for their standard cars. Studebaker-Packard said it would cut prices an average of \$39 on its 1961 cars. Chrysler Corp. held the line on its Plymouths and Dodges and all but two series of the Imperial. It reduced the tags on its Valiant compacts by \$19 on the economy series and \$34 on the luxury models; Chevrolet trimmed \$35 off its Corvair line. Pontiac introduced its new four-cylinder Tempest compact, which has a transaxle—a combination of transmission and axle in the rear—that almost completely eliminates the front-seat transmission hump. It set the factory list price for the four-door sedan at \$1,925, or \$200 below prices of the Buick Special and Oldsmobile F-85 sedan compacts.

Four-Door Convertibles. Ford Motor Co. held the price line on most standard Fords but announced a lower-priced line of Mercurys. Ford moved Mercury down from the medium-priced field, once more underlining the sharp decline in sales of medium-priced cars, which have slipped from nearly 40% of the market in 1955 to only 19.6% this year. Mercury's new low-price series—the Meteor 600 and 800—are built on the Ford chassis, use six-cylinder engines. Their factory list prices will start at about \$2,150 (v. \$2,389 for the lowest-priced 1960 Mercury).

For its perennial race against Cadillac (which is little changed for 1961), Ford brought out a smaller, sharply restyled Lincoln Continental, which resembles the original Continental. Lincoln has been so hard hit by declining sales (down 22% so far this year to 14,000 cars v. 12% gain by Cadillac to 110,000 cars) that production for 1961 is limited to two models: a four-door sedan and a four-door convertible, the first car of that type to be mass



CHRYSLER NEW YORKER



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL PHAETON



CADILLAC 60 SPECIAL



PONTIAC TEMPEST



CHEVROLET IMPALA



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STUDEBAKER LARK
Would the sales match the efforts?

produced in the U.S. since Cadillac and Buick dropped their Phaetons in 1941.

Year's Guarantee. Ford sprang some other surprises. It became the first major U.S. automaker to give a written, twelve-month or 12,000-mile warranty on all its cars (v. the standard three-month or 4,000-mile warranty). Three days later, General Motors and American Motors said they would also put twelve-month or 12,000-mile warranties in writing. Ford also announced a lubrication system which requires greasing only every 30,000 miles v. a recommended 1,500 miles for most other U.S. autos. The new system uses a puttylike lubricant which is forced into plastic cases that sheath joints and bearings in the suspension and steering systems. It will be standard for 1961 Fords, Mercurys and Lincolns.

Never before had U.S. automakers turned out so many models over such a wide price range to choose from. The question was, how many cars would be sold in 1961? While General Motors has predicted car sales of 7,000,000, including 450,000 imports, Ford was more conservative. It estimated sales of 6,100,000 cars, including 450,000 imports, about the same as this year.

LABOR

Strike at G.E.

Bargaining between James Carey, president of the International Union of Electrical Workers, and General Electric on a new contract was—as usual—stormy and tough. Once the ten-man G.E. team stormed out after Carey cussed out Chief G.E. Negotiator Philip D. Moore, last week Carey's demands for more than G.E. was willing to offer had got himself and his union into a strike neither really wanted. Snapped G.E.'s Moore to Carey at one of the last sessions: "You think there is something else coming. Well, there isn't now, next week, next month, or any other time. Now get that through your thick head."

The union wanted a 3 1/2% raise effective immediately and another 3 1/2% raise in October 1961, plus cost-of-living increases and a two-year contract. To increase job security, the union asked for a guarantee that no work will be farmed out and no overtime worked by some employees while others are laid off. When plants are closed, unneeded employees would be given preference for rehiring at other plants. The company demanded a three-year contract, offered to raise wages 3% immediately and 4% in April 1962, but refused to include a cost-of-living clause that was a part of the expiring contract. It offered only to retain the unneeded employees it chooses for new jobs.

As the strike deadline neared, Carey offered to extend the deadline—and contract—but G.E. refused to extend the contract. At week's end representatives of all I.U.E. locals (which represent 70,000 of G.E.'s 240,000 employees) met in Manhattan, voted to strike. G.E. announced it would keep its plants open for all employees who wanted to work.

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PUBLISHING

The Scholarly Dollar

The U.S. book publishing industry, traditionally a tight little shelf of tweedy pipe-smokers for whom Wall Street was a subway stop and profits a slight source of hemusement, today fairly hustles with talk of mergers, stock splits and diversification. The reason: the boom in textbooks for the burgeoning U.S. school population, which is lifting many a once staid, privately owned publishing house into the heady world of big business. Last week two large, old-line publishers announced mergers aimed at increasing their share of the new textbook market.

¶ Harcourt, Brace & Co., one of the largest publishers of high school texts with sales of \$17 million, announced plans to merge with World Book Co. of Tarrytown, N.Y., which publishes elementary school texts (1959 sales: \$10 million).

¶ Random House acquired the L. W. Singer Co., an elementary and high school text publisher. Earlier this year Random House bought into the college text market by merging with Alfred A. Knopf and into the juvenile market by buying Beginner Books. The three mergers will push its annual sales to nearly \$22 million.

Certified Check. Behind the rush to merge and diversify is the fact that sales of textbooks and encyclopedias have doubled since 1955, totaled nearly \$600 million last year—nearly \$200 million more than the sales of all other kinds of books put together. Last week's mergers were but the latest in a series this year: Prentice-Hall, the biggest college text publisher, acquired Iroquois Publishing, which puts out elementary and high school books. Crowell-Collier won control of the Macmillan Co. to create a \$60 million publishing complex. Henry Holt, Rinehart and John C. Winston joined forces to create the leading science and language text publishing house, raising sales to \$31 million. The aim of all is to get ready for the market looming in the '60s, during which total industry sales of textbooks seem likely to double.

Inevitably, the blossoming of the book industry has attracted hungry investors. "Those Wall Street houses are after all of us to go public," says Random House President Bennett Cerf. "They go around waving certified checks in publishers' faces—and I've never seen a publisher yet that could resist a certified check." Random House could not resist, put some 222,060 shares of its stock on sale last October for \$11 $\frac{1}{2}$. It was eagerly snapped up, now sells for about \$31. Harcourt, Brace stock first went on the market last summer at \$23, is selling at about 27. The stock of Scott, Foresman and Co., biggest publisher of elementary school texts, goes on sale this fall, and Boston's venerable Ginn & Co. is making discreet overtures in the same direction.

Ph.D. Agents. Textbooks are not only the publisher's best sellers, they are his longest sellers. Though it takes from three to ten years to prepare a good textbook, once it wins educators' approval it sells

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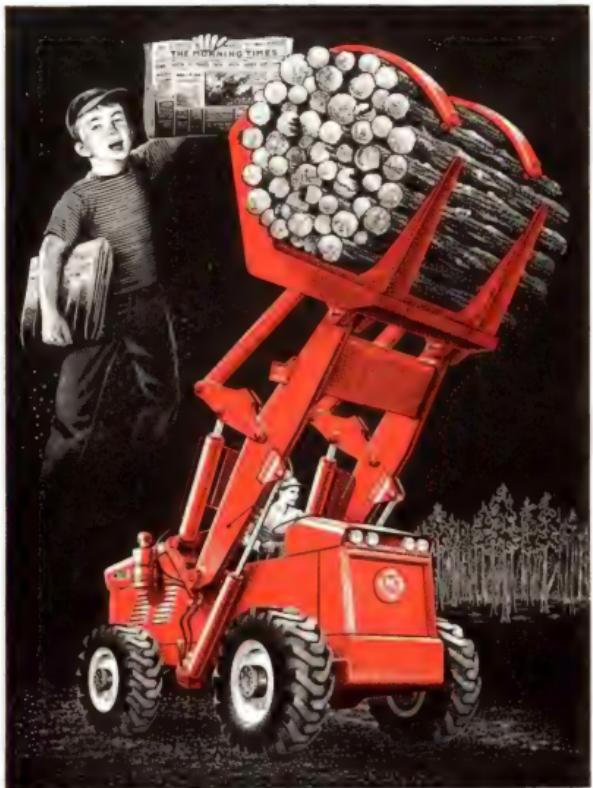
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for years with only periodic revisions. Last year 94.7% of Harcourt, Brace's school text sales and 80.5% of its college sales were from its backlist.

Now this long-range market is being built higher by the boom in new books. The rise of corporation training programs, the new leisure for adult study in night school and correspondence courses has created a growing textbook market for adult education. Educational concern for special opportunity for the gifted child—and the unusually backward—has meant a proliferation of textbooks on the same subject at different levels. Holt now has four college freshman mathematics texts replacing what was once a single staple freshman algebra. From teaching electronic computers what to do man is learning new ways to teach himself: Doubleday and Harcourt this year published textbooks utilizing novel computer techniques to teach children subjects such as English.

The need for new, and more, textbooks is sharpening the competitive search among publishers to find qualified scholars to write the new books. One publisher ruefully foresees the day when "every college professor will have his own agent." Prentice-Hall President John Powers estimates that his firm has signed over 2,000 contracts for new textbooks in the past few years. But it has paid off: last week Powers announced that Prentice-Hall profits this year will be up 17% on sales of \$50 million, with 1960's earnings to be 57¢ per share v. 74¢ last year. Another key to the success of prestigious Prentice-Hall, founded in 1913 by two absent-minded professors: it takes virtually no gambles on fiction, puts out mostly textbooks and business publications.

Teaching Machines. Encyclopedia publishers have also benefited from the boom. The swing away from progressive educational theory and the return to the fundamentals of the three R's is sending more

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POWER FOR A GROWING WORLD

TIME, OCTOBER 10, 1960

children, at a younger age, home with homework. This plus overcrowded school libraries has handicapped the student without a standard reference shelf in his home. Sales of Grolier's encyclopedias (e.g., *Book of Knowledge, Americana*) have risen from \$2 million in 1950 to an estimated \$75 million this year.

For all the readymade market in textbooks in the decade ahead, U.S. publishers are hard at work trying to anticipate the next step in education. They are keeping a wary eye on teaching machines, now in the testing stage. Harcourt, Brace spent \$100,000 building their own, but junked it. Explains Harcourt President William Jovanovich: "We decided it wasn't our field, but we felt we ought to give it a try." If teaching machines are perfected and catch on, the chances are good the publishing industry will soon be selling them too—or putting out books to teach teachers how to use them.

OIL & GAS

Clearing the FPC Pipes

Six years ago the U.S. Supreme Court gave the Federal Power Commission new authority that the regulatory agency did not want. The court ruled, in connection with a rate case involving Phillips Petroleum Co., the biggest independent U.S. producer of natural gas, that FPC must set rates in intrastate as well as interstate natural-gas markets. The decision broadened the FPC's job to include setting rates for some 4,000 independent natural-gas producers (i.e., producers with wells but no interstate pipelines).

As a result, the independents flooded the FPC with requests for rate decisions and put in interim rates on their own. Consumer groups soon began to complain about skyrocketing interim rates. The harried FPC pleaded with Congress to take the unwanted job off its hands, but bills introduced in 1956 and 1958 died largely because Congressmen and the President were appalled by the extent of gas producers' lobbying.

Last week in a historic decision, FPC set up a new standard for rates. Previously it had set natural-gas rates on the basis of company costs, permitted a certain percentage of profit above them. Henceforth natural-gas rates will be set on an area basis, with one maximum price for all producers. FPC published its first tables of maximum allowable gas rates in 24 geographical areas, explained that even if its staff were tripled it would take until A.D. 2045 to catch up with the backlog of rate requests under the old company-by-company time-consuming cost analysis. The new rules will turn the haggling back to the courts if independent producers want to contest area prices.

For Phillips, whose decision has been pending before the FPC for twelve years, the agency used its old yardstick of costs for the last time. It awarded Phillips rate increases totaling \$5,700,000 a year, based on an 11% profit-over-cost return; Phillips had requested an 18% return.

The FPC's new area-pricing system

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drew mixed reactions. It was promptly condemned by the Independent Petroleum Association of America as "unworkable." The association's lawyer said that the commission's standards are "without any legislative foundation" and will be "subject to change at any time, an unsure footing for long-range industry operation." But some gas producers who have been holding back expansion for fear of adverse individual cost-rate decisions, saw some virtue in the new system. It will open up the FPC pipeline of rate requests, thus will put more natural gas in the pipelines on the way to the consumer. Its biggest virtue is that in abandoning the cost-plus yardstick, the FPC's new rules will no longer subsidize the inefficient gas producer, penalize the most efficient.

MODERN LIVING

The \$25,000 Dilly

For some of the competitors in Pillsbury's twelfth Annual Grand National Bake-Off last week, it was just one knead after another. One woman could not get her Danish rolls to rise because of the air conditioning in baking headquarters at the Statler Hotel in Washington, D.C.; another forgot her spectacles and could not see to pick the stems off the raisins (a Pillsbury vice president thoughtfully lent her his). Another semi-Pillsbury staffers scurrying about to find bleached pumpkin seeds (they had given her unbleached ones).

After eight hours of sampling, the judges settled on a simple dish: dilly casserole bread. To homey, 56-year-old Mrs. Leona Schnuelle, Crab Orchard, Ill., went the \$25,000 first prize. A veteran contestant, Mrs. Schnuelle has won such prizes as \$500 (for judging cattle), a trip to Florida, an assortment of appliances and furniture. She tried

nine times before she won the bake-off. Although Pillsbury does not tell the judges what type of dish it wants to win, the judges, who are food editors, are savvy enough to know that the winning recipe must have wide appeal and be easy to make. The judges thought dilly bread would be an ideal dish for barbecues and patio luncheons. Besides, it requires none of the kneading old-fashioned breads do, is only mixed and popped into a casserole and baked. Said one food expert: "Any dish with casserole in the title these days is a shoo-in."

The only man in the bake-off was awarded one of the top prizes. U.S. Navy Chief Petty Officer Ramon Cabalona, who is chief steward aboard the submarine U.S.S. *Catfish*, won the \$1,000 first prize in the pies and dessert division for his orange cream pie topped with meringue. Its name: sub-meringue pie.

* The recipe:
1 packet active dry yeast for 1 cake compressed yeast
1/2 cup warm water
1 cup creamed cottage cheese, heated to lukewarm
1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon instant minced onion
1 tablespoon butter
2 teaspoons dill seed
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon soda
1 unbaked 9x13" casserole
2 1/2 cups Pillsbury's Best All-Purpose

Flour
Soften yeast in water. Combine softened yeast in mixing bowl with cottage cheese, sugar, onion butter, dill seed, salt, soda and egg. Add flour gradually to form a stiff dough, pausing to beat well after each addition. Cover and let rise for 30 to 60 minutes in warm place (85° to 90°) until dough is light and doubled in size. Sift down dough. Turn into well-greased 9x13" round casserole or 1 1/2 or 2 qt. capacity. Let rise for 30 to 40 minutes in warm place until light. Bake at 350° for 40 to 50 minutes until golden brown. Brush with soft butter and sprinkle with salt. Yield: one round loaf.

TIME CLOCK

HIGHER JET COACH FARES will go into effect this week on domestic long-distance routes of five major airlines—American, Continental, Northwest, Trans-World and United. Airlines hope that the hikes, which range from 7.5% to 17.8%, will stem more passengers into flying first class.

HERTZ BABY STROLLERS, as well as glassware, TV sets, reducing aids, and dozens of other items, will be rented by Hertz Rent-All Corp., a new subsidiary of the Hertz Corp., world's largest car and truck rental firm.

BIGGEST LEASE for office space ever taken in Manhattan was signed by Pan American Airways, which took 613,000 sq. ft. on 15 floors of the 59-story skyscraper to be built over Grand Central Terminal. Result: office building, once named Grand Central City, will be called Pan Am Building.

CHRYSLER FIRED another top executive, Jack W. Minor, 39, director of marketing for Plymouth, DeSoto and Valiant, in conflict-of-interest scandal. Investigation showed that Minor made about \$20,000 in commissions on Chrysler Corporation business given to advertising firms in which he had an interest.

PAY CUTS were announced for Pennsylvania Railroad executives and nonunion employees. Cuts range from 5% to 30%, are for an indefinite period. Pennsy has been running in the red since resuming operations on Sept. 13 after twelve-day strike led by Mike Quill's Transport Workers Union.

U.S. COMMERCIAL EXPORTS in August soared to \$1.6 billion, a 20% increase over August last year. If present rate continues, exports for 1960 will reach \$19.5 billion, an all-time record.

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Consult the Yellow Pages for the name of your nearest dealer. **Olympia Division, Inter-Continental Trading Corp., 90 West St., New York 6, N.Y.**

BOOKS

Souls for Sale

THE CHILD BUYER (257 pp.)—John Hersey—Knopf \$4.

Jonathan Swift's *Modest Proposal* was that society, to cure starvation, might as well eat children. Novelist John Hersey's equally bitter suggestion is that society responding to worse and more complex hungers, might just as well buy children. In his first attempt at satire, Hersey can scarcely measure up to Swift: compared to such a model, his passions seem intellectual; his anger scattered, his cutting edge often blunted by farce. His novel nevertheless is a salutary piece of negative thinking about national vagaries in the matters of education, welfare, legislatures, public morality. It is also a tract against the new barbarians, to whom man is not the immortal soul of the theologians or even the featherless biped of the rationalists but merely a consumer and a statistic.

Forgetting Chamber. As the subtitle explains, the novel is told "in the form of Hearings before the Standing Committee on Education, Welfare & Public Morality of a certain State Senate." The committee—consisting of Senator Voyolko, a moron Senator Skypack, a Philistine, and Senator Mansfield, a weak man who expends most of his strength keeping his decent impulses in check—meets a week or so after a series of unsettling events in the town of Pequot, where an eccentric gent named Wissey Jones has tried to buy—not borrow or rent—a ten-year-old prodigy named Barry Rudd.

Jones has offered \$16,734, a set of airplane luggage, a sports car, some military hairbrushes and various other do-dads, in return for rights to the boy. Barry's father, a machinist, dislikes the fat, seden-

tary young genius and wants to accept the offer. The boy's mother, who sees in Barry a realization of her unfulfilled yearnings for culture, at first rejects the idea. The committee itself is suspicious until the child buyer explains that national defense is involved. His firm, United Lymphomillid, needs brains for a nameless so-called project, and it has developed a process for increasing the IQs of bright children to the unheard-of level of 1,000. There are drawbacks: the process involves brain laundering, major surgery, and a Forgetting Chamber that is to leave the child with no sensory perceptions and no pre-Lymphomillid memory. Chairman Mansfield remarks that this seems a little drastic. But he is only briefly troubled and the hearings continue.

Junior Faust. As teachers and school officials are questioned about Barry, Author Hersey digs slyly at educational cant. One salaried fool explains that the boy is regarded as one of the "extreme deviates at the upper end of the bell curve"—an "exceptional" child, to use the comforting euphemism also applied to the spastic the mentally retarded and the clubfooted. Someone inquires whether it is really true that the gifted and the clubfooted are placed in the same category. "They are exceptional, yes, Lord Byron, as I remember, was both—but then, we don't run across many Byrons in this state, do we?"

One by one, the adults who control Barry's life are subverted by the child buyer. But Barry himself for three days holds the senators and child buyer at bay and it is hard to remember that he is still a small boy, tied to his mother. When he loses her support, he has no further reason to resist. The promise of even keener intelligence at last buys the child, like a sort of junior Faust. Barry's curtain speech is memorable and moving: "I was wondering about the Forgetting Chamber. If all the pictures went out, if I forgot everything, where would they go? Just out into the air? Into the sky? Back home, around my bed, where my dreams stay?"

Devil's Advocate

THE WORLDS OF CHIPPY PATTERSON (311 pp.)—Arthur H. Lewis—Harcourt Brace \$5.

Philadelphia lawyers are a breed apart but even among Philadelphia lawyers "Chippy" Patterson was known as the damnedest fellow who ever came down Broad Street. For more than a quarter century (1907-31), he was notorious as the evil but lovable genius of the city's criminal courts, an attorney for the disreputable who passionately offered his services (generally free) as a devil's advocate for all forms of socially unacceptable behavior—and the more desperate the case, the better Chippy liked it.

His father was a bank president, dean of the University of Pennsylvania's law school, chief counsel and a director of the



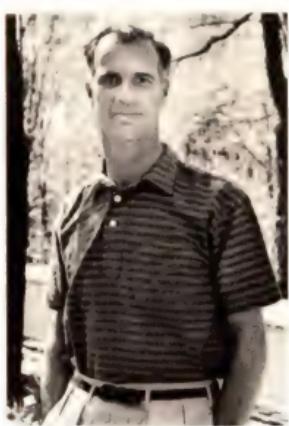
LAWYER PATTERSON
For fortune's victim.

Pennsylvania Railroad, and young Christopher was related to most of the first families of Philadelphia and New York. Alas, father was too busy to bother much with the children, and mother spent a good deal of time keeping up with the Stotesburys. "Chippy" and his five siblings were pretty much raised by the servants. At 14, he began to look for compensations and how he found them is told by Arthur H. Lewis, onetime reporter for the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, in this clumsy but sensationally readable biography.

Seven-Year Campaign. Chippy discovered the delights of his father's cellar, and at 17, he was a problem drinker. One problem led to another. He began to chase chorus girls so enthusiastically that friends changed his nickname from Chippy to Chippy. There is evidence that he forged a check to finance one of his expeditions, and he slept through most of his classes at the U. of P. But apparently the boy could learn in his sleep long before the hypnopedia boom, and he had a trick memory besides. With these weapons he stole a passing grade on his bar examinations and then started an all-out, seven-year campaign to knock off every bottle and blonde in Philadelphia.

At 29, Chippy realized that his once powerful physique (6 ft. 2 in., 190 lbs.) was giving way. Alarmed by the increasing frequency of his alcoholistic blackouts, he signed himself into a sanatorium and took the cure. He never had another drink in his life. At 32, ten years after passing his bar exams, Chippy Patterson at last felt ready to practice law.

He had no trouble finding clients when news got around that he never took a fee from the poor, even offered them handouts. Within a few months, Chippy's waiting room and the corridor outside it were jammed every weekday morning with as many as a hundred dips, degenerates, con men, pete busters, second-story types



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Against new barbarians.



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check artists, swindlers, arsonists, rapists, murderers, and a generous assortment of poor but honest citizens in trouble.

Felonious Gallantry. Chippy refused none of them, and before he died, after 26 years of practice, he had handled at least 125,000 actions at law. On an average day he represented no fewer than 25 clients, spending five hours a day in the courts of Oyer and Terminer, three more in the police courts at night. Often he got to bed at 4 a.m., and was up at 6. Once, when his landlord evicted him for nonpayment of rent, Chippy blithely set up business in the waiting room of Penn Station, where he consulted with clients in the privacy of two facing phone booths.

Despite the crushing load of cases that allowed him and his tiny staff—seldom more than one secretary and one investigator—no time to prepare any of them properly, he built up an impressive record of courtroom success. Items: Chippy handled 401 cases of homicide. "Even with 'cop killers,'" reports the author, "regarded by all living policemen as blood-stains on their shields, he did rather well." Chippy handled 25 such defendants; five of them got off scot-free, 15 went to prison, only five went to the chair. In the remaining 376 cases, Chippy won 166 acquittals; 207 of his clients went to jail for an average of only six years apiece; only three were executed.

He was not a brilliant courtroom orator, nor a subtle legal beagle. But he could sense in an instant the secret weakness of a witness, knew every judge and most of the prosecuting attorneys like the back of his hand. And he exercised a mysterious power over juries. They instinctively liked his warmth and kindness, were awed and charmed by his patrician bearing. They were also amazed by a memory artist who could quote whole pages of law he had not seen for years, and delighted by an impious wit who, in defense of a teen-aged boy accused of raping a woman in her late 30s, could indignantly protest that the charge should be not rape but "felonious gallantry."

Remembered Delinquency. Chippy found his closest acquaintances among his clients: madams, gunmen, racketeers. And though he wore the same old grayspotted suit for months at a time and fishing boots even in court, he was pursued by a horde of feminine admirers—most of them show girls, but many of them wealthy women, all seized by the same magnetism that captivated juries. Chippy, even in his 50s, invariably seemed ready to oblige. At one period he was known to be living with twins, and at another with three women in the same house—the wives of three crooks who, while serving two- to five-year terms, invited Chippy to assume their marital responsibilities, on the theory that the girls were going to be unfaithful anyway and it was better to know who the man was.

Chippy's professional reputation was never touched by scandal. Once, when he discovered that a jury had been "spotted," he instantly informed the judge and withdrew from the case. Author Lewis believes



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(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



In our border State of Kentucky during Civil War times, Buck Hines sat on the fence as a troop of soldiers rode up. They were Federals but wore Confederate gray.

"Which side are you on?" they asked.

"I'm a red-hot Seesesh," Buck answered.

They arrested Buck and stuck him in jail. After his release some Confederates came by wearing Yankee capes.

They asked Buck how he stood, and he said, "Strong for the Union." They took him along.

Shortly after his second release some men rode up wearing neither blue nor gray. "What are you?" they asked.

Old Buck replied, "Well, I reckun I'm bout as dang nigh nuttin' as you'll find anywhere."

From what I can observe, a new generation of fence-straddlers have cropp'd up late in our home State of Bourbon.

Old, respected whiskey brands which won original fame as Bottled-in-Bonds, now by a simple twist of the spigot, are also offered at a watered-down proof.

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As a distiller of more than 65 active years I find no fault with bourbons which are gray—nor with those who remain blue.

Yet I see considerable danger of public confusion over any brand which is both gray and blue at the same time.

If you are one who straddles no fences in your choice of brand, we invite you to join an inner circle of discriminating hosts who have found comforting assurance in the *one and only OLD FITZGERALD*, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

*The One and Only
Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled in Bond
Made in U. S. A.—100 Proof*

that, despite the invaluable services he rendered to organized crime, Chippy had a high respect for the rights of society. The trouble was that he had a stronger feeling for the rights of the criminal. Why? Perhaps partly, Author Lewis suggests, because of his own youthful delinquency. In Chippy's obituary, one of his legal colleagues feelingly phrased the thought: "As he stood at the bar of the court, pleading for some victim of fortune's scourge, he seemed to acknowledge at least part of the guilt in being a member of a society which permitted children to grow up in sordid slums, amid ugliness, vice and crime . . . He was more than a public defender. His attitude was almost that of co-defendant."

Married Enemies

STRANGERS [174 pp.]—Albert Memmi—Orion [\$3.50].

Most of the endless flow of novels about broken marriages rest on a few well-tried fictional supports: the triangle, intrusion of job or career, incapacity to keep loving, failure to communicate. Most such books read as if they were inspired by the stale, paid advice of a marriage counselor. In *Strangers*, Tunisian Novelist Albert Memmi writes with relentless candor of a far grimmer marital crack-up in a far more ferocious setting than is usually found in the bored, semi-Freudian cold war between American husbands and wives. If Author Memmi's lovers never have a chance, it takes marriage to prove it. If they part in bitterness, they at least spell out the causes.

The marriage Memmi describes is "mixed." The hero-narrator is a Tunisian Jew studying medicine in Paris. Marie is a young Alsatian student from a Catholic family. At first the very difference in their backgrounds acts as a spur to their love. When Marie learns that he wants to return to Tunisia to practice among his people, she readily agrees to go with him. But in Tunisia they are met by her husband's family, a noisy, colorful clan she was wholly unprepared for. Their food seems outlandish, their curiosity rude. After the long drawn-out, seemingly crude Passover celebration, she cannot conceal her disgust: "I never thought I was saying goodbye to prejudice and superstition at home simply to find myself plunging here into barbarism!"

The trouble is that Marie's husband is himself at odds with his background yet determined to force his wife to melt into it. The members of the clan jolly her with well-meant but offensive pleasantries ("Beware, madame! You're too slim; we like them well covered!"); one old aunt shows her joy at their visit to her house by filling her mouth with orange water and squirting them with it. Marie resents the dirty restaurants, and he gets even by suggesting a local delicacy, grilled sheep's testicles. Before long, he manages to devise a hurt to meet each of her objections. During one of their recurring fights, he has to resist the impulse to strike her, and then the truth reaches



NOVELIST MEMMI
Love is not enough.

him too. Throwing the word "coward" at him, Marie, pregnant again, sets out to visit an abortionist and finally a lawyer.

Strangers is a grim little book but an uncompromisingly honest one. Author Memmi confines himself to a careful, patient piling up of telling detail and harsh, spare dialogue that conveys its own message: love, intelligence and good will are not enough when caught in the blind struggle between alien cultures.

Antic amid Antiquity

ROME FOR OURSELVES [244 pp.]—Aubrey Menen—McGraw-Hill [\$15].

The irreverent writer in an irreverent age runs the risk of being an invisible man writing in invisible ink. Impish, antic Aubrey Menen has retained high visibility by spoofing the solemn and the sacred from pukka shibbs (*The Prevalence of Witches*) to Hindu epics (*The Ramayana*). In *Rome for Ourselves* he takes on another highly worshipful subject—the Eternal City. Tonic in tone and eclectic in vision, Menen's superbly illustrated *Rome* is an amusingly literate exercise in debunkmanship, the art of using the past while appearing to abuse it.

Were the ancient Romans men of austere probity, superior soldiers, masters of government? Is Rome a temple of the classic spirit? Was the Renaissance Italy's finest hour? Humbug, all humbug, says Menen in effect. As he sees it, ancient Rome's writers and pseudo sages produced a kind of corporate image of what the Romans wanted to be like, and subsequent historians have simply perpetuated it. Then as now, he implies, *la dolce vita*, the sweet life of lavish and cynical corruption, was close to the heart of Roman reality.

Parvenus & Lunatics. The earliest Romans, despite their reputation for solid, simple virtue, were "frippish" and "tin-



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your family — you'll have a wonderful time and chances are your company will benefit from your trip. Look at Hawaii for a sales incentive program, a convention site or a place for your products or business — come see history in the making. Only 4½ hours by jet from the Pacific Coast or a pleasant four and a half days by ship.

kled and gleamed with jewelry in every part of their bodies. . . . If any of them did lead the simple life, it was for the same reason many of us have led it—they hadn't the money to do otherwise. Those who had, lived like lords." The law-givers renowned for political genius were to "the Romans themselves a subject of hilarity and despair," and the empire "was run on a system of looting rendered merciful by corruption." The stalwart Roman soldiery took 121 years to subdue Sicily and the boot of Italy and, says Menen, "the army never took to the business of empire building in a big way until mercenaries were employed. By contrast, he argues, the soldiers of Islam conquered about 20 times the territory in one-fourth the time.

Rome, the city of grandiose ruins, was "erected by parvenus," new-rich "imperial lunatics" with no hint of classical restraint: "Whatever is classical is subtly proportioned. The proportions of a building such as the Colosseum are as subtle as those of a Greenland whale." As for Renaissance Rome and the Italians were impervious to it, says Menen, until the Arabians sparked "the rebirth of learning" by rediscovering mathematics and the great Greek texts, Italy's Renaissance princes kept scholars as show-off status symbols ("The scholars cost more than a dog, but not always more than a horse"). It was intellectually absurd, feels Menen, to call on Italy for a burst of Renaissance creativity after World War II. However, "the Italians, who are an obliging people, did their best and produced an original line in beach pants for women."

More than Malice. And so it goes. From the popes to the Etruscans, from the dome of St. Peter's to the keys of St. Peter, Author Menen loses his iconoclastic polemics with great high glee. In his own mischievous eyes, Menen is right, because he has left out all the considerable evidence that would make him wrong. But the book is more than a labor of malice, for Anglo-Indian Aubrey Menen has lived in Rome for years and believes that "the crimes and follies of mankind have produced the most beautiful city on earth." Author Menen's upside-down vision permits him to be fair to the oft-despised beauties of the baroque and, more importantly, enables him to be just to the vulgar thrust and vitality of contemporary Rome with its motor scooters and jukeboxes.

For traditionalists, this book is bound to be highly irritating. But whole cultures from Tokyo to Athens are trying to shake off the dust of a "glorious" past they frequently find choking, and to them, *Rome for Ourselves* may seem a bracing manifesto written as it is "not for saints or classical scholars, or for those who feel the past was better than our own times. It is for ourselves, we who live in the 20th century: we who have seen everything, suffered everything and believe very little. For Rome is our city, and the only one for us in the world, in which we, in a thinking mood, can feel at home."



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(Buddha, 5th century, B.C.)



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"Tis said the beloved bard Robert Burns did call upon the greatest Scotch in history [White Horse] when he wrote "O thou, my Muse! Giv'd auld Scotch drink!... Ream owre the brink... Inspire me!"

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tory by name—say "White Horse."



TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Entertainer. A fascinating if messy movie, based on the stage work by Angry John Osborne. The author's vision of contemporary England as a crumbling music hall is an unconvincing yet somehow magnificent metaphor, and Sir Laurence Olivier's portrayal of a third-rate vaudeville performer is a masterpiece of mannerism.

The World of Apu. The third part of Indian Director-Producer Satyajit Ray's vital and abundant trilogy that began with *Pather Panchali* and continued with *Apur Sansar*, now brings its hero to marriage and eventual confrontation with tragedy.

Let's Make Love. The silly plot, about a billionaire who wants to be loved for himself and not for his money, urgently requires old-age insurance, but Marilyn Monroe triumphantly sings *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* as if she had never heard of Mary Martin, and Partner Yves Montand is possibly France's most charming male export since Chevalier.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. Playwright William Inge takes a fairly shrewd but not really profound cinematic look at an Oklahoma harness salesman (trollishly played by Robert Preston) and his family, all of whom find themselves suddenly faced with doubt and darkness.

TELEVISION

Tues., Oct. 4

Stagecoach West (ABC, 9-10 p.m.) More *out-venture*...

Rivak, the Barbarian (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Jack Palance in the Punic Wars. Color.

Wed., Oct. 5

My Sister Eileen (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). Premiere of a new series based on the Manhattan adventures of those two sisters from Ohio. With Elaine Stritch.

Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Guests: Shelley Berman, Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Ethel Merman. Color.

NBC News U.N. Special (NBC, 10:30 p.m.). The General Assembly.

The Bing Crosby Show (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Bing's first 1960-61 special, with Rosemary Clooney, Johnny Mercer, Dennis, Philip and Lindsay Crosby.

Thurs., Oct. 6

The Witness (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Simulated trial-by-history of Louisiana's Kingfish, Huey P. Long.

Angeli (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). First in a new series about a French girl who marries an American architect.

Victor Borge Special (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Guests: Japanese Simei Yuki, Yukimura, Kabuki Dancers Shiko Yagi and Chishiro Sato, Concert Pianist Leonid Hambro.

Person to Person (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). Visiting: Richard M. Nixon.

Fri., Oct. 7

Nixon and Kennedy (ABC, CBS, NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The second of the candidates' TV encounters, halfway between a press conference and a debate.

Route 66 (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). First

* All times E.D.T.



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Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. Leon C. Walton
Meteorologist Leon C. Walton of San Angelo, Texas, writes that his work involves "round-the-clock" hours, requires a dependable car. His choice: a Rambler 6 station wagon. Here is his report after a recent tour through the West:

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"For comfort, maneuverability, and performance, I have never driven a better car. We did not get as tired as we did on our last trip West in a car half a ton heavier. The car functioned perfectly on mountain grades, in desert heat, and at sustained high speed. The heat indicator never went above the 'normal' mark. No oil was added. It is a good car."

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SPOTLIGHT PREVIEW



Premium product of United States Tobacco Company

of a Chevrolet-sponsored series about two young on-the-roadsters who roam Route 66 in a Chevrolet Corvair.

Eleanor Roosevelt's Diamond Jubilee Plus One (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). A tribute by Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, Jack Benny, George Burns, Carol Channing, Jimmy Durante, Mahalia Jackson, John F. Kennedy, Mary Martin, Richard M. Nixon, Richard Rodgers and Simone Signoret to Eleanor Roosevelt and the Eleanor Roosevelt Cancer Research Foundation.

Mr. Garlund (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Premiere of a dramatic series about a 30-year-old financier, a sort of baby Burch.

Eye witness to History (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The week's outstanding news story.

The Law and Mr. Jones (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). First of a new series about a Manhattan mouthpiece.

Sat., Oct. 8

N.C.A.A. Football Game (ABC, 4:45 p.m., to final gun). Washington at Stanford.

Campaign Roundup (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Updating the race.

The Campaign and the Candidates (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Survey of campaign developments.

Fight of the Week (ABC, 10 p.m., to end). Incumbent Gene Fullmer v. Challenger Sugar Ray Robinson for the middleweight championship.

Sun., Oct. 9

Face the Nation (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: Henry Cabot Lodge.

Jackie Gleason Special (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Bandleader-comedian Phil Harris is Gleason's guest in a variety show about American salesmen.

The Dinah Shore Chevy Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Guests: Red Skelton, Shirley Temple, Nat King Cole. Color.

Mon., Oct. 10

Road to Reality (ABC, 2:30-3 p.m.). First in a professionally acted series on group psychotherapy.

THEATER

The Broadway season's first new offering, Brendan Behan's **The Hostage**, though less a play than a dramatization of his wild Irish playright, tells the humane, hilarious, howlingly funny story of a young English soldier held hostage in a Dublin brothel, is an irreverent stage piece that is thoroughly good fun. **The World of Carl Sandburg**, an evening of the poet's work more or less acted out by Bette Davis and Leif Erickson, comes off as an agreeable recital, evoking a poet's world that is dramatically mild and a little ostentatiously benign. And at the Phoenix, Gilbert & Sullivan's **H.M.S. Pinafore** sails brightly along in the capable hands of its right good captain, Tyrone Guthrie.

Still going strong are last year's hits, notably **The Miracle Worker**, **Toys in the Attic**, **Bye Bye Birdie** and **A Thurber Carnival**, whose cast now includes the author.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Trial Begins, by Abram Tertz. Pseudonymously signed and smuggled from Russia, this remarkable work of socialist surrealism bitterly mocks the monolithic

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TIME



Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch - Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain without surgery.

In case of itch, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all - results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyn®) - discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

state with its Soviet Organization Men, its Bolsheviks and added Utopian dreamers, suggesting among other things that under the Communist icecap, the Russian spirit still lives.

Victory in the Pacific, by Samuel Eliot Morrison. The 14th and last book of narrative (a technical volume is to follow) in the author's masterly history of World War II naval operations.

The Man Next To Me, by Anthony Barker. The journal of an Anglican medical missionary to the Zulus, written with modesty and skill, is an inspiring account of brotherly love in the troubled land of apartheid.

Casanova's Chinese Restaurant, by Anthony Powell. Instalment No. 5 of *The Music of Time*, a seriocomedy of Britain between the two World Wars, which combines the antic savagery of Waugh with the social savvy of Proust.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, by James Agee, with photographs by Walker Evans. A new edition of a classic account of sharecropper life in the mid-'30s, written with luminous love, raging anger, Christian anguish, and cascading torrents of poetry.

The Politics of Upheaval, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. In the third volume (1935-36) of his massive history, the author follows skillfully—and sometimes too admiringly—as the New Deal loses its first momentum and, after reassessment, sets out in a different direction.

The Black Book, by Lawrence Durrell. A school piece by the author of the Alexandria novels, written when he was 24, and full of murk, gloom, glittering words and the beans of youth.

The Human Season, by Edward Lewis Wallant. The author has chosen a dark theme for his uncommonly well-written first novel—an aging plumber's bout with melancholy after the death of his wife.

The Last Temptation of Christ, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The late great Greek writer saw God as the search for God. *Temptation* is his soaring, shocking, final vision of that search.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (3)
4. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (7)
5. *The Chapman Report*, Wallace (4)
6. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (6)
7. *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Kazantzakis (9)
8. *Water of Life*, Robinson (5)
9. *Watcher in the Shadows*, Household (10)
10. *The Black Book*, Durrell

NONFICTION

1. *Born Free*, Adamson (1)
2. *How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market*, Durvas (2)
3. *Felix Frankfurter Reminiscences*, Frankfurter with Phillips (10)
4. *The Good Years*, Lord (6)
5. *The Waste Makers*, Packard
6. *Enjoy, Enjoy!*, Golden (3)
7. *The Conscience of a Conservative*, Goldwater (4)
8. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (5)
9. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King (7)
10. *Taken at the Flood*, Gunther

* Position on last week's list.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1913, JULY 25, 1914, AND MARCH 24, 1923, SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF *TIME* The Weekly Newsmagazine published weekly at Chicago, Illinois for October 10, 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Ferdinand L. Ausch, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y.; Editor, H. R. Luce, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y.; Managing Editor, Otto Fuerstert, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y.; Business Manager, James A. Thompson, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y.

2. The owner is Time Incorporated, Time Building, New York 20, New York; the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Henry F. Luce, 100 Broad Street, New York, N.Y.; Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York, P. O. Box 1266, New York 20, New York; First National City Bank Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Irving Trust Company trustee under the will of Briton Hadden for the benefit of his wife, Mrs. Briton Hadden, 100 Broad Street, New York; Roy F. Larsen, c/o Time Incorporated, 100 Broad Street, New York 20, New York; Margaret Zeilie Larsen, c/o Time Incorporated, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York; Louis E. Lasker, c/o Time Incorporated, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York; The Henry Luce Foundation, Incorporated, c/o Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, 100 Broadway, New York 13, New York; Luce Foundation, 100 Broad Street, New York 20, New York; Samuel H. Kress, c/o Kress & Sons, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York; Samuel H. Kress, c/o The National Bank and Trust Company of Buffalo (County), Trust Department, 1 Atlantic Street, Buffalo, New York; The First National Bank of New York, c/o Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, 100 Broadway, New York 13, New York; Pratt & Company, c/o Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, 309 Franklin Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

*Believed to be held for account of one or more stockholders.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom the stockholder or security holder is acting, also the state or country in which the stockholder or security holder resides; and the names and addresses of the managers and controllers under whom white-shoe bankers and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary capacity, hold their interests.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication and of subscriptions during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 2,466,123.

Signed: James A. Thompson
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1960.

Signed: Mary Jane Gilmore
My commission expires March 30, 1961.

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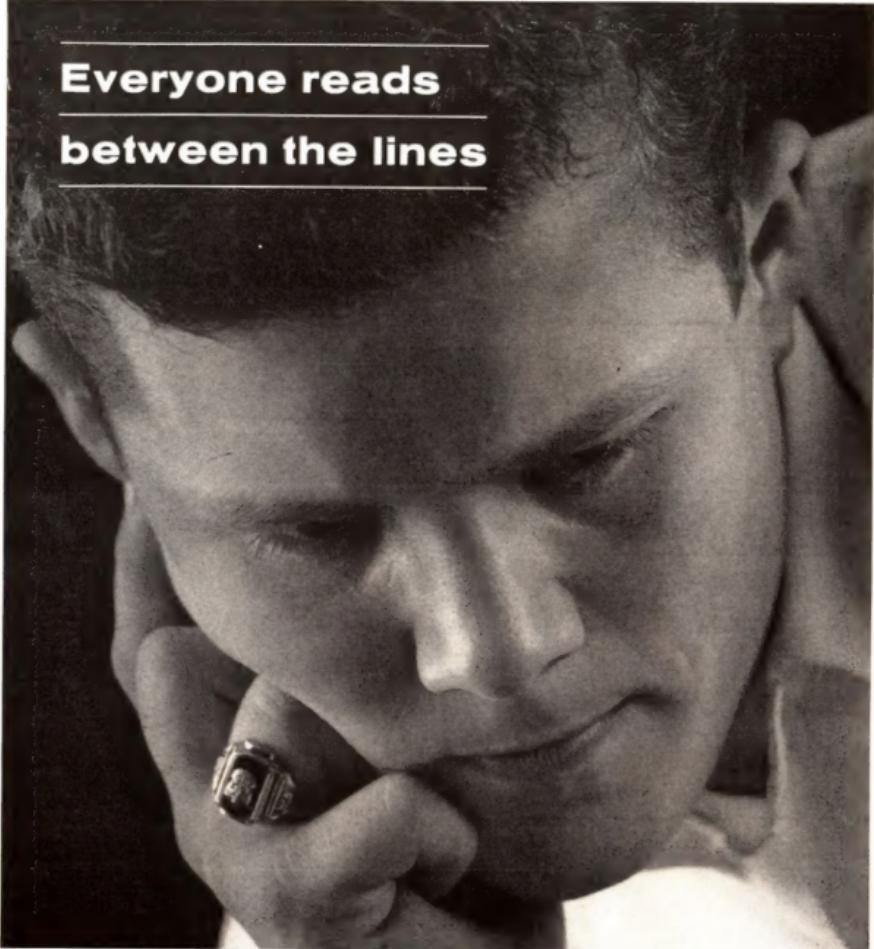
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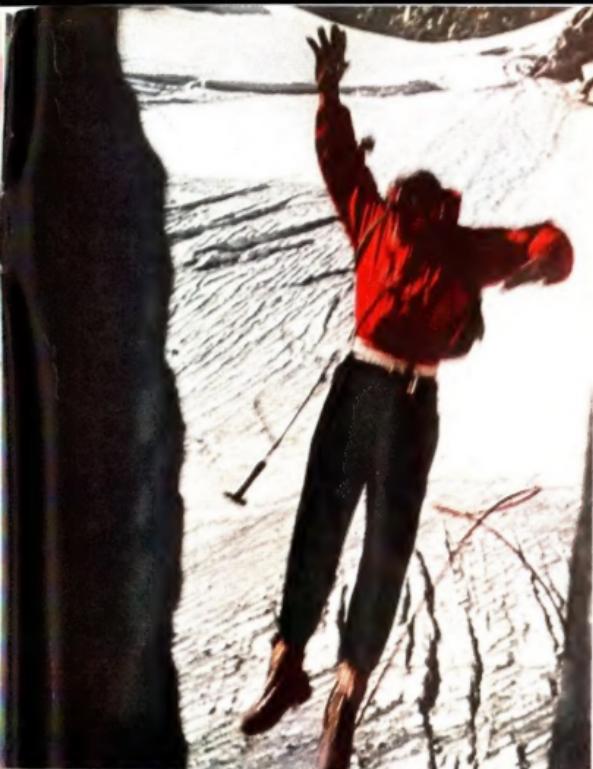
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2. "Our troubles began when we were forced to climb around a dangerous rotted glacier—including slowly down the hollow crevase—and up the narrow rock wall chimney. As it turned out, we were headed for a fall—regardless!"



3. "At the end of his rope, Bill was dangling helplessly more than a hundred feet away. Jack, who knew his rappelling technique, got down fast on our emergency line—and made him secure. But it took the two of us to pull him back over the glacier's lip to safety,



4. "With the weather closing in, Kootenay Lodge looked mighty cheerful. Especially when they greeted our safe return with a cheering round of Canadian Club!"

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Sheraton-Fortesselle

INDIANAPOLIS

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